

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

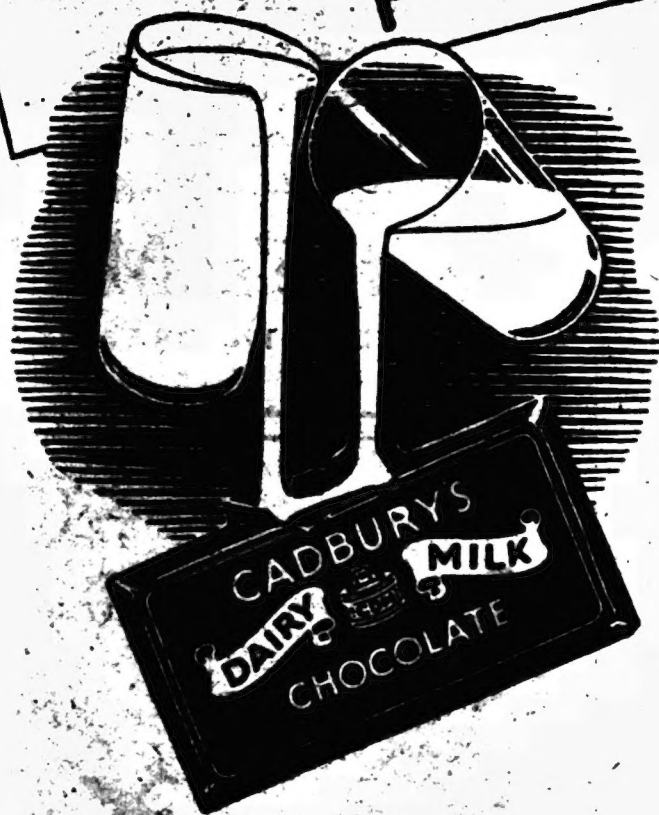
SALUTE TO CHURCHILL

by A. G. Gardiner

EUROPE REGAINS ITS VOICE

See Centre Pages

Children first please!



A small quantity of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate has been made. All the food value of the milk is in it—a glass and a half to every half-pound. Supplies are limited but are being distributed fairly in the Western and Southern zones. When your turn comes, please remember that growing children need this extra nourishment most.

**CADBURY
MEANS QUALITY**



*Wishful
Thinking*

THE delightfully sweet orange flavour of 'Vimaltol' makes an instant appeal to children. They take it eagerly, and thus derive full benefit from its valuable health-giving qualities.

'Vimaltol' is well balanced, containing food elements required to increase strength and weight, maintain sturdy growth, and build up resistance. It supplies vitamins A, B₁ and D in sufficient quantities to make good any deficiency of them which may occur in everyday meals.

'Vimaltol' also has the special advantage of assisting the absorption of calcium—so essential for forming strong bones and teeth. For all these reasons 'Vimaltol' is a valuable addition to every child's dietary. In many thousands of homes 'Vimaltol' is helping to make children healthy and robust.

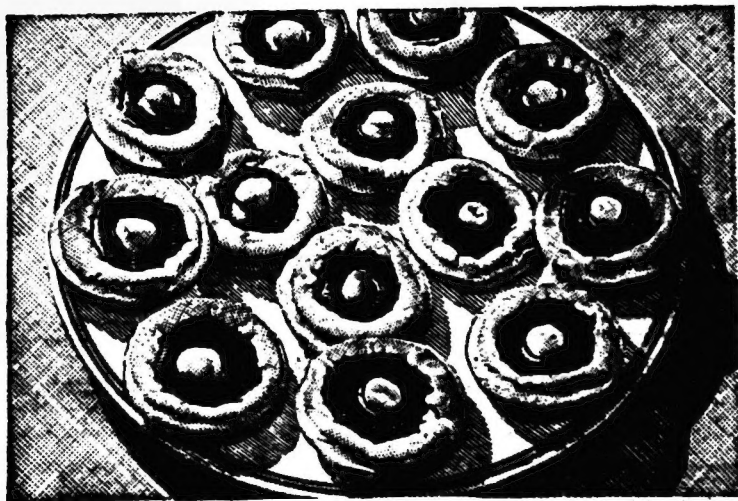
VIMALTOL

(VI-MALT-OL).

The Delicious, Body-building Restorative and Vitamin Food for Infants, Children and Adults.

Based on Modern Scientific Research.

In two sizes 3/- and 5/6



CHOCOLATE TARTLETS

Make some to-day... and bask in your family's favour!

MOST people like tartlets for the sweet course. But when it comes to these delicious little chocolate tartlets, there's just no resisting them!

First, make the pastry shells using 8 oz. self-raising flour, pinch of salt and 2 oz. margarine for the batch. Bake in a moderate oven for 10 to 15 minutes, remove from oven and allow to cool. *For the filling, use:* 1 tablespoon Rowntree's Cocoa, 1 oz. margarine, 1 teaspoon powdered gelatine, 1 tablespoon cornflour or custard powder, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 small teacup milk, 2 tablespoons fruit juice or orangeade.

METHOD: Mix sugar, Rowntree's

Cocoa and cornflour together with a little of the milk. Put into saucepan with remainder of milk and gently bring to the boil. Add margarine and fruit juice. Dissolve gelatine in a little warm milk or water, mix into other ingredients and allow mixture to cool. Pour into pastry shells. Decorate the top of each with pastry cuttings, already baked.

IMPORTANT. So many things we drink at meal-time contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrates, which gives energy (in the way sugar does); and iron for the blood. Besides, Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion. Make it your family's meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa

For economy's sake, get the 1-lb. family tin, price 1/6d. (Half-lb. tin, 9/4d.; 4-oz. tin, 3d.)



WHO SHALL BE YOUR EXECUTOR?

One of the first essentials when drafting a will is to decide who shall eventually act as your executor. The question therefore arises whether the person you have in mind will be available whenever needed. He may pre-decease you, be far distant when required, or for some other cause be unable to undertake the duties.

You will wish your affairs to be administered efficiently by persons of your own choice, with ripe experience and likely to exercise discretion, impartiality, tact and judgment. This Company is ready to assume the office of executor and/or trustee at any time, either solely or jointly with your wife or husband, a relative, or a friend, and to perform the duties involved as long as may be necessary.

Particulars of the services available may be obtained from any branch manager of the Bank.

MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE
COMPANY LIMITED

Always on the go



MOTHER SAYS better a scamp to mind than a poorly child. She remembers the trouble she once had with baby; always crying, couldn't digest his food. Then they put him on Nestlé's Milk and all was well, because Nestlé's is rich, full cream country milk, Nature's own perfect food, specially prepared to make it easily digestible by the most delicate babies.

Nestlé's Milk

RICHEST IN CREAM

FOOD FACTS



*-and
GOOD
value!*

The housewife will find that frozen cod fillets are a good buy. They are easy to prepare and (being boneless and very digestible) are ideal for the children's dinner.

How to thaw FROZEN COD FILLETS

If the fillets are still frozen-hard when you get them home from the fishmonger, allow them to stand for an hour or two in a moderately warm atmosphere. There is no need to soak the fillets. When they have thawed they should be treated like other fresh fish.

FRIED FISH

Cut the fish in pieces and in order to prevent the fat from soaking into the fish when frying, coat it in one of the two following ways: (1) dip the fish in reconstituted dried egg, then in dried breadcrumbs, being sure to coat evenly; (2) dip the fish in seasoned flour and then in reconstituted dried egg. Heat some fat in the frying pan and when it is very hot, add the fish and cook till brown on both sides.

CHUTNEYED FISH

Ingredients: 1 lb. fish, 1 oz. margarine, 1 oz. flour, 1 pint fish stock or milk and water, 2 tablespoons chutney, 1 teaspoon lemon substitute, salt and pepper. **Quantity:** 4 helpings. **Method:** Steam the fish. Melt the margarine, mix in the flour and cook for 1-2 minutes. Add fish stock and stir until well blended, bring to the boil. Add other ingredients and cook 5 minutes. Serve the fish with sauce poured over.

STEAMED FISH

The simplest way of steaming fish is in a deep plate on top of a pan of boiling water. Place the fish, cut in pieces, on the plate and season well. Add a knob of margarine and cover with another plate or with the saucepan lid. Steam for 10-15 minutes. Serve with parsley or tomato sauce, or with a sharp sauce. (See recipe below.)

SHARP SAUCE

Ingredients: 2 level tablespoons flour, 1 level tablespoon dried egg, dry, 1 level teaspoon mustard, 1 level teaspoon sugar, 1 level teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 pint milk or vegetable water, 1 oz. margarine, 4 tablespoons vinegar. **Method:** Mix the flour, egg, mustard, sugar, salt and pepper. Mix to a smooth paste with a little of the milk or vegetable water. Boil remaining liquid, pour on to the blended flour, return to pan and bring to the boil. Boil for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add margarine. Mix well and add vinegar.



Extra Width

so cleverly concealed in Portland shoes, relieves the strain of standing and assures you of full foot comfort, even on the busiest day.

Portland
STYLE • COMFORT
SHOES.

T. ROBERTS & SONS LTD.
PORTLAND SHOE WORKS, LEICESTER



Wise mothers serve SCOTTISH OATS

MEN who want the best, buy Havana cigars. **Wise mothers who want the best breakfast oats buy Scottish Oats.** The flavour makes them the family favourite. Just now there are no Havana cigars for father and not a lot of Scott's Porridge Oats—the pick of the Scottish crop—for mother. When present restrictions are lifted, there will again be enough Scott's Porridge Oats for every wise mother who wants her family to have the best.

Scott's Porridge Oats

SCOTTISH AND QUICKEST



Aircraft—and Housecraft



too are dawning. Aircraft, craft, and housecraft as well—require the will to win (and to go through), wise planning, organisation, and last but not the copious use of Electricity.

In your post-war kitchen for the best of all general services will be Electricity. Till Electricity can be won from war to peace—switch off when-ever and whatever you can.



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Without Fear or Favour THE UNSUNG 25,000

IT IS GOOD to know that the Bevin Boys have, as a whole, put their hearts into their job of helping to get the coal the nation so urgently needs.

Some have been in the lime-light again because they have been misled into objecting to join the miners' trade union. That is a foolish attitude. Being a union member is as essential as observing the safety regulations.

So let us hear no more of these misguided "isolationists" of the mine.

Most of the 25,000 recruits now in the coalfields have done well in their training schools, and are now doing good work in the mine, some at the pit, some on the haulage roads, and some actually at the coal face.

WHEREVER THEY ARE, they are a very important addition to the labour force of the industry.

We admire the many thousands who would have preferred to join the Forces but have accepted the less spectacular but equally essential duty.

Getting coal wins no medals. But it is as vital a war job as flying a bomber.

We must not forget that, nor fail in our gratitude to the unsung soldiers of the coal-fields, whether they are Bevin Boys or other mine-workers.

The nation must not forget its debt to them.

THE STATE MUST assure them an unhandicapped start in whatever new calling they may choose.

Some may continue in the coal industry. We hope and believe that the others will remain Old Comrades of the Mining Army.

They can spread through our community a better and kindlier understanding of that Army's valiant troops.

The Editor

Can Germany Put Off Defeat?

French Army fights back. Signs of Collapse. Chaotic conditions in Germany. New housing Chief. Ministry of Information and the British Council. Street "charities" open up

THESE ARE DAYS of splendid news. At last it really seems that the weary drudgery of war, as far as Europe is concerned, is finishing—not immediately, but within reasonable time.

Certainly, if the Germans can hold the Cologne basin they can last through a horrible winter. Then they would emerge to be pulverised in the Spring.

If they crack around Cologne, they may not even achieve that postponement of the inevitable. The next few days will show.

French Army's Great Revival

Meanwhile, of all the great events which are now such daily common-places, which is the most important?

I suggest, it is the restoration of the French Army to its former glory.

Of all the purely military achievements in the last week or so, the forward drive of the French into Strasbourg is the most striking

Our own men are doing magnificently. Holland is a foul terrain for autumn war, a land of ice and mud.

But, relentlessly, the enemy is being pegged back across it.

The large American forces are doing equally well, aided by their prodigious weight of armour and their highly skilled quartermaster staff.

They Are Fighting Back

But this French offensive fires the imagination, not because it is any braver, but because it comes from a country that is now seizing its first full opportunity to fight back at the Nazis.

Apparently the French, as they man the Rhine and drive the Germans back from the Vosges mountains, have an army of four fully equipped divisions, helped by three American.

If the war were to last long enough, which it will not, they would have twenty times that number of men under arms.

A Vital Front

AS IT IS, this essentially French success is being exploited quickly, not only by the French themselves, but by the Americans.

This sector, stretching down from Strasbourg to the Swiss border, may prove just as important as the Ruhr.

A strong France, fully restored to its former greatness, is vital to the peace and stability of Europe. The events to-day around Strasbourg are the first guarantees of that peace.

Already we are getting first signs of the forthcoming collapse. Nazi troops are escaping across the Rhine into their doomed country.

The question now arises: What sort of conditions will they find there? Is there a really strong determination to carry on the struggle?

Allied experts have put together a hard picture of conditions inside Germany to-day.

Chaos in Germany

ALTHOUGH food, is in reasonable supply, its distribution has become chaotic owing to the ruthless Allied bombing of communications.

Soup queues and breadless cities are the outward signs of that chaos.

Then, too, Germany is becoming a country without a civil service. Its normal home front control is falling to pieces. Its vital documents, its



Hitler's friend Captain Fritz Wiedemann has arrived in Japanese-occupied China where he is working busily for the Axis

archives, its day to day book-keeping, have been bombed and burned.

All this means more chaos, and worse distribution.

It means that efficient local government is almost unworkable. It means that the central authority is crumbling.

Nazi Scorched Earth?

WHAT WILL HAPPEN when Eisenhower bites deep into the Reich? Will the Germans adopt a scorched earth policy, as Himmler would want them to, and as we were prepared to do had they invaded Britain?

My guess is that they will not. It is significant that the German leaders have never told their own people what Aachen looked like after the Americans had conquered it.

However, Allied leaflets and broadcasts are leaving them in no doubt on the point.

He Succeeds—Or Goes

THE RESHUFFLE in the junior places of the Government has caused less comment than was expected.

Duncan Sandys, Mr. Churchill's son-in-law, succeeds Lord Portal as Housing Chief, not because he is the Prime Minister's son-in-law, but because he is tough.

Housing is now the Government's Number One domestic priority.

If Sandys succeeds, he will stay. If he fails, he will go.

This uncompromising attitude should scotch the wits who are in-

J B insurance

"SUCH PROMPT SETTLEMENT IS GREATLY APPRECIATED," writes Mrs. M. L. Boughton, of Herne Hill, in acknowledging cheque paid under "John Bull's" Free Insurance.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS, in addition to FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE, underwritten at Lloyd's.

clined to predict a Cabinet Post for Randolph and an Under-Secretaryship for Vic Oliver.

2,000 Houses a Week

ALREADY the Ministry of Works is getting busy. Recently I suggested that Jack W. Gibson, the engineer who built part of our sea-going D-Day harbours, should be transferred to the housing problem.

This has been done. His "Phoenix" house is already on show at the Tate Gallery in London.

His team can already produce 500 of these houses a week. They can be put up in a day.

Gibson tells me that he could produce 2,000 a week in time.

Plausible Rascal

MEANWHILE, ON THE other side of the world, a curious type of propaganda war is going on. Its organiser is having some local success.

He is our old acquaintance Captain Fritz Wiedemann close friend of Hitler and at one time his aide-de-camp.

Wiedemann is a plausible rascal who was kicked out of the United States early in the war. Officially, he is a diplomat.

On the side he dabbles in a little journalism, a little publicity, and a lot of spying.

Now he has appeared in Japanese-occupied China, where he is busy brewing trouble.

He Makes Trouble

He was in London a year or so before the war. A hard worker, with the smooth manners of the professional diplomat, he struck me at the time as a tough customer.

He made trouble wherever he went. In London in 1938 he tried to make mischief between Britain and France. He nearly succeeded.

Later, in Los Angeles, his house became the centre of a network of shipping espionage.

He is now going all out to fan the bad temper between China and the United States.

I hope he is high on our private list of war criminals.

Giant Liners at War

TWO IMPORTANT White Papers have revealed Britain's enormous war effort, and the vast contribution we have made to Lease-Lend—in reverse.

The story of our output is magnificent—but necessarily dull. Brendan Bracken should have it rewritten in a colourful way.

The paper on Lease-Lend tells us many things, including the war time history of those great liners the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*.

They have carried 350,000 American soldiers across the Atlantic in the last year.

There is an epic for some official author in the war time story of these two Merchant Navy giants.

Private Squabble

SUCH STORIES SHOULD be told vividly. They are needed to remind a modest nation of the things it has done.

The Ministry of Information should be busy spreading them all over the world, particularly among the Allies and neutrals.

Unfortunately, the Ministry is busy on something else nowadays. It is

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

having a private squabble with the British Council.

That remarkable body has also been the subject of a recent report. It makes curious reading.

Silly Rivalry

Officially, the Council exists to spread the light of British culture in the outer darkness. It does this in mysterious ways.

It recently sent a deer-stalking expert to Franco, which seems odd. For Franco has been well blooded already.

It has also overshot its budget by a few millions of taxpayers' money.

Ridiculously, in some important centres overseas a silly rivalry has sprung up between the local British Council representatives and their opposite numbers working for the Ministry.

Abolish the Council

There is one simple way of stopping this. That is by abolishing the British Council.

There is nothing it does which cannot be done as well, or better, by the professionals of the Ministry of Information.

It is absurd for two official British organisations to compete against each other for popular favour. Yet that is what is happening in some places. The Ministry handles War, the Council handles Peace.

What we need, as taxpayers, is some peace in this modern War and Peace.

The Third Voice

The third voice of Britain is the B.B.C. Once again I suggest that

much-battered institution deserves a pat on the back.

Not long ago the Corporation announced that it would introduce some really controversial items. It certainly has.

Things have looked up. We have had progressive talks, hitting out in all directions. We have even had a discussion on sex. It would be interesting to know how many complaints were sent in.

There was a time when controversy, on the B.B.C., meant Blah. People fell over the microphone saying precisely nothing. Now they really say things. William Haley, the new broom, is sweeping clean.

He may soon feel strong enough to put that silly so-called Brains Trust off the air.

Mrs. Barnardo Dies

IN NORMAL TIMES the death, a few days ago, of Syrie Louise Barnardo would have attracted much more attention. This little old lady of nearly ninety-seven was an extraordinary woman.

I called on her a few months ago in her Sussex home. A woman who was with me said afterwards that Mrs. Barnardo had the most beautiful hands, regardless of age, that she had ever seen.

It is now more than seventy years since Mrs. Barnardo met her husband, who founded the orphan homes which bear his name. For nearly thirty years the pair of them worked tirelessly for the poor.

There is a lot to be said in theory against organised charity. But this gracious old lady who lived on

through nearly forty years of widowhood ennobled it.

No Work for Them?

CHARITY OF ANOTHER TYPE is now re-appearing on the streets of London. In the last few weeks I have noticed three things. First, there is a sudden return of the organ-grinder and the strolling musicians of the days of peace.

These fellows have been missing from the London scene for years. Now they are drifting back. Why? It can't be that they cannot get normal work.

"Guides" for Americans

Secondly, there seem to be more people than ever ready to show American soldiers the sights of London.

These "guides" are at best a doubtful asset. At worst, they are a serious pest. They cannot give the Americans a good impression of the Empire's capital.

Too often they are open touts, working on commission from second-class restaurants and clubs.

Apparently they are not subject to police supervision providing they do not make nuisances of themselves.

Street-Worker's £130 Camera

Thirdly, a new street salesman is appearing. Remember the tin-type photographers who used to take pictures for a few pence? In "the trade" they were known, I believe, by the ironic name of "Smudgera."

To-day they have formidable competition. I saw a young man in Oxford Street recently taking casual snapshots with a German miniature camera which could have been sold for £150.

The next day I saw another. He had a modern German reflex camera, worth £80.

Time Goes By

IN THE STREET-photography business, evidently, war has caused no reduction in efficiency. On the contrary.

I wish I could say the same of the clock-making business. We all know how long it takes to get a watch mended, but a friend of mine claims an all-time record for a gilt Brussels clock.

It was sent to be repaired on July 3, 1943, and came back, after a rash of promises, about eight weeks ago.

Installed in its old place, it did everything but work.

Back it went. Seven weeks elapsed before it was returned.

This time it did at least go. But it lost fifteen minutes a day.

Sixteen months to get a disordered clock. Can anyone beat that?

The Man who knows Spies

Donald Stokes is a man with a load of specialised knowledge. He is an authority on the fascinating business of espionage.

Recently the B.B.C. produced his radio play, "The New Spy."

Now he has written an enlightening series of articles on the whole subject of spying and counter-espionage. They make fascinating reading.

They will appear exclusively in JOHN BULL, starting next week, and they contain many stories now released by the Censor for the first time.

P.S.

FOOTNOTE.—What is a floor polish? A floor polish is what happens when Michael Foot answers Beverley Baxter in the correspondence columns of the Times.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

WHOM SHOULD I BUMP into the other day but Irma del Monico, the well-known international spy.

She was looking very bronzed, having just come back from a secret mission to find out for the British Council how Arabians spend their Nights. She found out all right, as many an old Sheikh could tell you.

She flung her arms round my neck, crying "Achtung, mein lieber Freund—oh, I'm ever so sorry! I thought at first you were that German spy who's over here on the rocket racket."

"Not me," I said. "Ah, you have changed. C'est la guerre, I suppose—but you still love me, amig?"

Irma preserves strict neutrality by spying for all sides at once. There's a standing invitation for any high military or Government official who wants a nice drink and a cosy chat to telephone her flat any evening. Just dial SPY double-one, oh, oh!

Whoosh!

THESE HERE ROCKET BOMBS, they do be telling Oi, travel faster than sound. And they promise us rocket planes in the future. So, as hubby is streaking off to work, it will be no good shouting, "And don't forget the fish," because the message will never catch him up.

When we get to travelling faster than light it will be a waste of time staying at home, because you could go away quicker. At that speed, it is said, we should relive past events. So if you went on holiday in a faster-than-light car you would merely find yourself back at work again.

I'd rather stay with my feet up.

Solid Foundation

A FIRM IS ADVERTISING for raw materials for "crushing, pulverising and dehydrating."

A company is to be formed to supply this firm with the speeches of Sir Berkeley Bluster, Minister of Obstruction. After treatment they will be made into huge blocks to be used for building a post-war Rest Home for Tired Tories. It will be sound-proof and idea-proof. Sir Berkeley will be president. You can name some of the founder-members yourself.

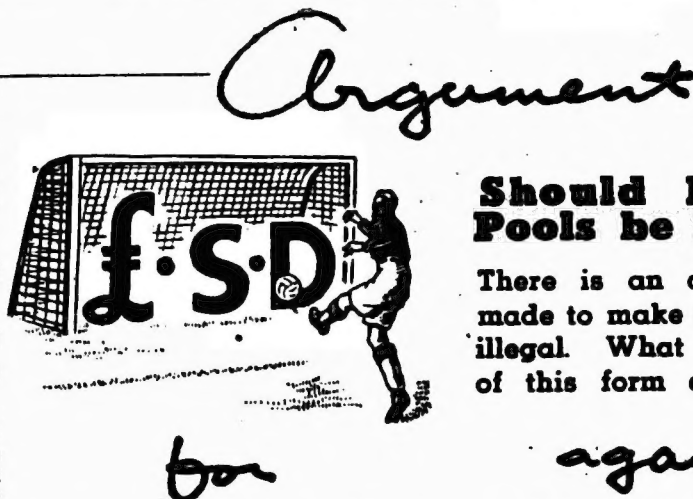
Conversation Piece

"DAMMIT, OF COURSE they were right to change the name to National Security. Call it Social Security and you'd have people thinking it was something to do with those blooming Socialists."

"But..." "People attach a lot of importance to names. Look at all these new groups like the Society of Free Britons—people think they want freedom for everybody."

"But don't they?" "Freedom for the right people is O.K., old boy. But as I said to Pothers the other day, the working class are better off without freedom. Other wise, instead of earning a living they'd be out all day murdering and looting and burning churches, and then when would their wives and families be when pay-day came round?"

Answers to Correspondents "J's MULBERRY PORT the name of home-made wine?"—DAZED. Heck, no, dear, it's a prefabricated hour, just like a cocktail isn't the end of a rooster.



Should Football Pools be Banned?

There is an attempt being made to make football pools illegal. What do you think of this form of gambling?

for

against

1. The vast majority of British people from every walk of life consider betting in moderation a legitimate pastime. Football pools are the most moderate form of betting there is.

2. Millions of people, no matter how they save, have no chance to get together those few hundreds in the bank which make all the difference in life. Pools give everyone that chance.

3. Except for your first entry for football pools, you bet cash down. There is no likelihood of risking more than you can afford.

4. In many families the filling up of the weekly coupons means an evening of absorbing discussion and entertainment in which all share.

5. The pools are exceptionally well managed. A Government Department, faced with the task of handling rapidly an enormous number of vouchers, called in a pools promoter to organise the job.

6. Cases of dishonesty arising out of pools—for example, attempts to induce employees to fake coupons after the results are known—are extremely rare. There is no evidence whatever of attempts to influence football players.

1. Pools are a form of betting. Betting in any form is destructive of sportsmanship.

2. Pools make the football field a sort of gambling-table. They lessen interest in the fine points of the game, because, to the pools fan, all that matters is the result.

3. If a football player's mistake seems likely to cost him money, the spectator shouts accusations and threats. Pools have given many more spectators this attitude.

4. The law wisely makes cash betting illegal because its evils have been abundantly proved. Pools circumvent the law.

5. Whenever large sums of money change hands as the result of a game, sooner or later attempts are made to bribe the players.

6. Pools mean waste. The time, energy and money many people devote fruitlessly to them would, if put to proper use, bring a good, steady return. There is also the enormous wastage of time and labour in the postal services.

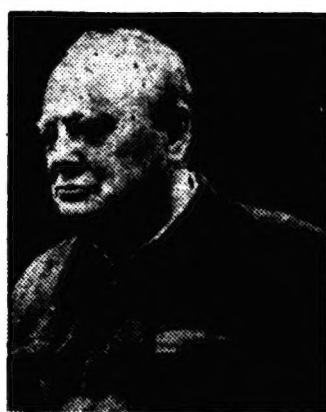
7. Pools induce the worker to hope that a sudden lucky chance will one day solve all his problems. They substitute day-dreams for clear thinking and constructive work.



1940—INVASION.
"We shall fight on the beaches... we shall fight in the fields and in the streets—we shall never surrender"



1941—PEARL HARBOUR.
"I speak for the United States as well as for the British Empire... we would all rather perish than be conquered"



1942—MOSCOW VISIT.
"I have a solid belief in the wisdom and good faith of Stalin... A complete understanding exists between us"



1943—FEHERAN.
"... The war will be shortened. In due course decisions will be unrolled on the fields of battle"



1944—D-DAY.
"The first of a series of landings in force upon the European Continent has taken place... what a plan"

SALUTE TO CHURCHILL

PORTRAITS—No. 2 By A. G. GARDINER

★ In this, the second article in his new series of brilliant studies of leading world figures, A.G.G. pays stirring tribute to our war-winning Premier.

Steevens, who had met him on board ship, in the course of an article entitled, "The Youngest Man in Europe," said of him:

"At dinner he talks and talks, and you can hardly tell when he leaves off quoting his one ideal, Macaulay, and begins his other, Winston Churchill. What he will become, who can say? At the rate he goes, there will hardly be room for him in Parliament at thirty, or in England at forty."

He might have added that he would fill the world itself at seventy.

What was the explanation of this dramatic change? The wind of genius, we know, blows where it listeth, and obeys no academic routine.

But those who believe in destiny (and Mr. Churchill is one of them) find the clue in one of the accidents that have bestrewn his tumultuous career.

Fleeing from his cousins, the Guests, in a game at Bournemouth, he leapt from the bridge that crosses Alum Chine, snatched at the branch of a tree, and fell thirty feet below.

He did not break his neck, but he lay helpless for months, and it may be that, as in the case of Loyola, some subtle change was wrought in him that turned the current of his life.

From Battlefield to Westminster

In any case, he discovered a devouring appetite for books and for the things of the mind and the spirit.

His turbulent and imperious temper had revolted at the discipline of the schools, but in the free life of the world he found scope for his adventurous spirit and his insatiable thirst for action.

Wherever there was trouble afoot, on the frontiers of India, in the Soudan, in the West Indies, in South Africa, he was there to have a hand in it, if not as a soldier, then as a journalist.

Sometimes, as in South Africa, he filled both rôles. And always he turned his experi-

NEXT WEEK MR. GARDINER
WILL DISCUSS MARSHAL STALIN.

TODAY THE WORLD STANDS in homage to Mr. Churchill. If we followed the excellent example of Russia, we should fire a salvo of a thousand guns in honour of his 70th birthday.

Instead, we must leave the thunder that are reverberating over the Rhine to-day from Belfort to the sea to sound his name in the ear of Germany.

In his speech at the luncheon to Mr. Churchill in Paris, General de Gaulle said that not in a thousand years would France forget the magnificent courage of this country in saving the liberty of the world.

That, I think, is true. The world that has kept the memory of Marathon and Thermopylae bright for nearly three thousand years will never forget Britain's "finest hour."

Nor will it forget the man who was the inspiration of that dark and glorious hour. His name will echo down the corridors of time as long as the story of mankind is told.

Belief in Destiny

In my tribute to President Roosevelt last week I spoke of the part which chance and "divinity" play in shaping our destiny. On that great theme Mr. Churchill must always be a leading case.

What would have happened if in the hour of Dunkirk and the fall of France we had not had that trumpet-tongued call to us to defy the impending fate? Who can say?

What we know is that our destiny was in the balance. As Wellington said of Waterloo, "It was a damned near run thing." And mercifully the Man and the Moment coincided.

None who knew the young Churchill would have imagined that half a century later all the world would ring with his name. Certainly not his father.

Among the shadows that darkened the life of that brilliant but unhappy man was the conviction that his son was worthless, and would probably be a "social wastrel."

His manners were atrocious. He was the despair alike of his parents and his teachers. He was the dunce of any school he went to. When he entered the army he was disgracefully low in the list of candidates.

Yet at twenty-five he was famous. He had smelt powder in three continents, written enough books to win a first-class reputation, made his mark in journalism and captured a seat in Parliament.

All who met him at that time, men like Joseph Chamberlain, Herbert Paul and Stead, predicted a great future for him, and G. W.

ences into books, as brilliantly written as they were audacious in their criticisms of his seniors.

Captured in South Africa by Botha and Smuts, with whom his future was destined to be so nobly linked, he escaped from prison, and promptly galloped up to Westminster in the Khaki election of 1900, to have, as he said, "his shot at politics."

Still in his twenties, richly equipped with first-hand experience of life, and bold in debate as on the field of Omdurman, he immediately became the talk of the lobbies.

By his indomitable will and industry, and by much lecturing in England and America, he had overcome a defect in his speech, and made himself as much a master of the tongue as of the sword and the pen.

His attack on the War Minister, Mr. Brodrick, marked him out as the man of the future. "I wrote that speech out six times with my own hand," he once told me.

That speech struck the keynote to his political career—intrepidity, audacity, independence. His crest was always in the thickest of the fight, and his blows fell on friend and foe alike.

He Spoke Unheeded

Sometimes he was wrong, more often he was right, but always he dared to be himself. He was neither a demagogue nor a Party hack. He never intrigued and he created no personal following.

He was the despair of Party caucuses, and passed from the Conservative camp to the Liberal camp, and from the Liberal camp back to the Conservative. Constituency after constituency elected and rejected him.

Again and again he seemed politically dead but always he emerged most thrillingly alive.

His genius was so indisputable that for nearly 20 years, whatever Party was in office, he was on the Treasury bench, filling in succession more high offices of State than, I think, any man in history.

By a strange irony, what seemed the final death-blow to his political career proved the stepping-stone to the great task for which his whole life had been a preparation.

When the economic crisis of 1931 led to the formation of a Coalition Government under Ramsay MacDonald, he was given no place in it.

He was a lone wolf, *persona grata* to no Party, for he had offended all in turn.

It fell to him in the fatal years that followed, to be the voice in the wilderness raised

SALUTE TO CHURCHILL

continued from preceding page

in ceaseless warning of the Terror that was approaching. His speeches were unheeded, but they are on record, and form one of the most sombre chapters in history. They will be as immortal as the Philippics of Demosthenes.

And when the storm burst they made him Prime Minister in the most desperate moment of our history. The voice in the wilderness became the voice of England. It became the voice of freedom for all the world.

It spurred us not only to survive the terrific shock of the fall of France, but to rise from that shock transfigured, with a resolution and courage that will be a deathless epic of history.

In the great language of Pitt, "We have saved ourselves by our exertions and the world by our example."

No Lies for England

Now, on his 70th birthday, Churchill sees the end of the great travail in sight. We should be ungrateful indeed if on such a day we did not salute the architect of our victory.

We shall have time to quarrel with him afterwards in good democratic fashion. But this day is his, and we may well linger for a moment on those qualities of the man himself that have brought us through these years of "blood, toil, tears and sweat."

First, his glorious courage. It was said of Kléber that merely to see him made men brave. That was true of Churchill in the depths of '40 and every moment since.

In the darkest hour he "never doubted clouds would break," and we caught the glow of his own indomitable pluck.

Next, the imaginative vision he brought to bear on the whole complex of the war, the sense of values, the sense of timing, the order of events.

Does military history record a more daring or more triumphant stroke of strategy than the despatch of our army to East Africa when we were in the direst peril at home?

A gamble? But all war is a gamble. And this gamble laid the foundation of ultimate victory.

It won Africa, recovered the Mediterranean, knocked Italy out of the war, destroyed the Axis.

Then his patience, his refusal to be rattled, his capacity to hold his fire. Who is not thankful to-day that he was not stampeded by the "Second Front" clamour of '42?

His candour and truthfulness with the public. He has never lied to us, or hoodwinked us. He has treated us like the great people we are.

When he had bad news he told us himself. Witness the grim day when he came to the microphone and told us of the loss of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*. What a contrast to Hitler—loud-mouthed in victory, sneaking away into silence in defeat.

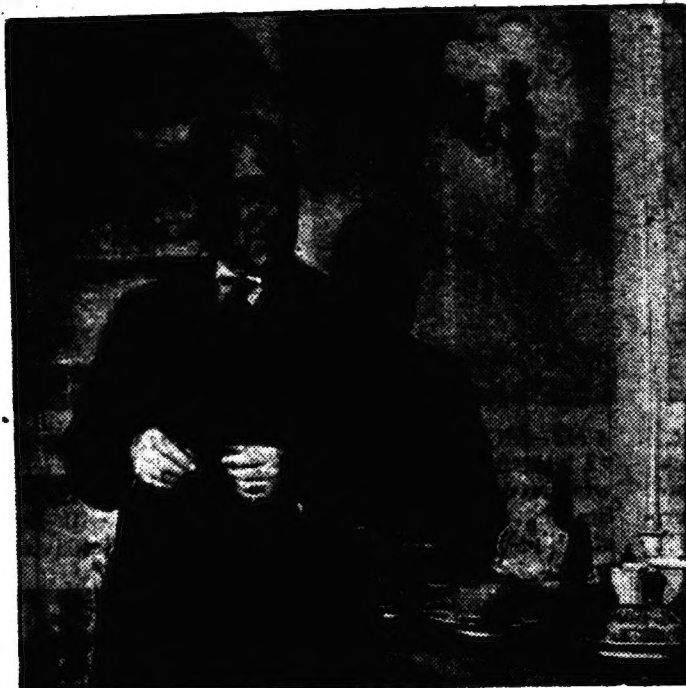
His statesmanship. Witness his handling of America, of Parliament, of Labour, of Russia.

For Ever Famous

Finally, his growth under responsibility. "Genius without judgment," was Asquith's verdict on him in other days. It was true. But his ability to learn from experience is one of the most remarkable gifts of this remarkable man.

He is temperamentally impatient, imperious, pugnacious, but he has risen to the great argument and disciplined his tongue and his actions to the compulsion of a single aim and a grand purpose.

And so, hats off to a great Englishman. His spirit will live for ever in story. May he long remain with us in the flesh.



OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir John Anderson, M.P.,

Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Reports reach me about chaos behind the income tax scene. They are, I hope, greatly exaggerated.

But when I hear that some financial experts in the City are talking of a possible collapse of Pay-As-You-Earn I am deeply disturbed.

When P.A.Y.E. brought its revolutionary changes to the running of the income tax machine, it was realised that some dislocation was inevitable, and that some anomalies would arise. But the benefits of the scheme are so far-reaching that they greatly outweigh the difficulties.

Important alterations in the regulations governing P.A.Y.E. have been already made. They came about because one man earning more than £6 a week had only 9s. 4d. left after his tax had been deducted.

To-day millions of people scarcely know how they stand. They are told that things will soon be different, and that when allowances and so on are settled they will know what future deductions will be.

I hope so for the nation's sake. I was one of the most

Human Machine ROAD TO RIGHT THINKING

THE AIM OF EVERYONE is right living. Not that everyone is aware of that. It is not being aware of it that causes so much irritation, so much unhappiness.

Nearly everyone is dissatisfied with life. But it is not too much to say that the vast majority of people are quite unaware why.

You see, they don't know what they want. All they know is that they want something. The result is restlessness, dissatisfaction, wrong living instead of right living.

Very few know, and still fewer believe, that the only way to right living is through right thinking. They don't like thinking anyway. It's too much like hard work.

Even if they can bring themselves to think for a few minutes they don't know how to think, or on what to fix their thoughts. More restlessness. More dissatisfaction. More wrong living.

Epictetus the Roman philosopher, knew how useless it was to allow instinct to guide us, instead of reason. "It is no light matter that is at stake," he said. "It means are you in your senses, or are you not?"

It means, in fact, is your brain in working order, or isn't it? Right—or wrong; there's no middle way. Right thinking is not so hard, really. It mostly involves nothing more than clear thinking allied with a complete absence of self-deception.

Realise what is wrong and where the trouble probably is. Then set about putting it right. Go on trying until it is put right. That's the only way to live right. Try it.

insistent champions of P.A.Y.E. I fought for its adoption and emphasised its benefits. P.A.Y.E. must not be dropped.

The nation would not tolerate a return to the old method of tax collection. Any Chancellor who even hinted at such a thing would not be at Downing Street long.

P.A.Y.E. has had time to get over its teething troubles. It is up to your officials to end the chaos. I know they are short-staffed and I know, too, the vast amount of clerical work involved.

But these difficulties must not be permitted to jeopardise even remotely, a scheme which has brought peace of mind to millions of taxpayers.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord Leathers,
Minister of War Transport

MY LORD,—The welfare of the men of Britain's Merchant Navy is one very dear to my heart. I have no doubt it is equally dear to yours.

Because of that I commend a study of the coast *Supremity*. The way in which the owners have catered for the men who sail her might serve as a model for others.

Supremity carries a catering steward, a cook-steward and a galley boy. Shower baths with hot and cold water are available. Three central heating systems are installed. The quarters of both officers and men are roomy and comfortable.

The debt the nation owes to our merchant seamen can not be reckoned in terms of money. The least we can do is to ensure that after the war they are well-fed, well-fouled and well-paid. *Supremity* seems to meet those conditions. Might she not serve as example to other owners?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, M.P.,
Secretary for Foreign Affairs

DEAR MR. EDEN,—The British Council, that learned, cultured body of "snob" propaganda pundits, whose finance your Department is examining, is spending our money, yours, mine, and every taxpayer's. It is spending it at a rate of £3,500,000 a year—more than twice the cost of running the Foreign Office.

What does Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown get for this £700 a week? Nothing.

How is it spent? Mostly, it seems, in entertaining foreign missions and in financing costly trips abroad of people steeped in erudition and the higher forms of culture.

The British Council, apparently, has no financial watchdog. It is unconcerned about debt. Why not axe it, instead of ask it?—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Philip Woolcott Game, D.S.O.,
Commissioner, Metropolitan Police

DEAR SIR PHILIP,—Curious things happen when the shrouds London's West End. One of them is the invasion of private cars plying for hire. Ministry of Fuel inspectors are out to check this ramp.

Another racket exists in Black Market taxi-cabs. These vehicles are under your control, I suggest that you men get busy and stamp it out.

While ordinary people cannot get taxis, I am told the frequenters of expensive night clubs and fashionable restaurants can always get them—at a price. Waiters and doormen in the racket telephone a number which can also provide transport. One driver charged £2 10s. from Regent Street to Chelsea—a journey legitimately worth a shilling.

Scotland Yard should have no difficulty in suppressing this ramp. May I look for speedy action?—JOHN BULL.

Rev. E. S. Butler,
Vicar of St. Alban's, North Harrow

DEAR MR. BUTLER,—Many women married to Servicemen will welcome, and act on, your suggestion of renewing their vows on the return home of their husbands.

Frequently war conditions have parted couples only a few days after marriage. The lonely years between act as a barrier, and many reunions will be marred by a sense of strangeness.

Nothing could remove better that sense of restraint a short form of service such as you offer to perform. Renewal of vows at the altar may save many a marriage.—JOHN BULL.

THREAT TO FIFTEEN HUNDRED FAMILIES

Every leaseholder should study this tragic story of British families, threatened with loss of their homes through a "blind spot" in the Law. The facts were personally investigated in the district by

John Bull's Special Commissioner

PEMBROKE DOCK, that vast, isolated stretch of rugged coastland which Nelson put on the map just before Trafalgar, is in the midst of another battle.

Fifteen hundred families, whose homes were built on thrift in times of great difficulty and privation, have been peremptorily told that their property will be sold over their heads unless they agree—and agree at once—to the most grievous terms.

Many of these families include old-age pensioners who have never had the chance to save a penny towards a rainy day. I have just finished the fullest inquiries, and here is the story—vital to the householders in this little corner of Wales, but almost as important to families up and down the country.

Short Term Leases

When Pembroke Dockyard was opened and began to prosper, after the first big British Ironclad had been built and launched from its harbour, local housing conditions became acute. Transport was bad.

The workers needed homes near their jobs. So a scheme was started under which small local building societies helped the workers to build their own houses on leasehold land.

The only land available (and it was land which had previously been of no great financial value owing to the lack of road, rail and business interests there) belongs to the Bush Estate, of which the present owner is Sir Thomas Meyrick, who inherited it from his father.

Arrangements were made, under the building societies' scheme, for plots of land to be leased to individual applicants. But, unfortunately, they were granted mostly on short terms.

Ground rents varied from five to fifteen shillings a year, and the houses cost anything in those days from £200 to £400.

The people of Pembroke have always been known for their cleanliness and thrift, and the houses, most of which have been kept well painted and decorated, are naturally to-day worth much more than they originally cost. This is especially so with present war-time prosperity, and with the dock opened again after years of inactivity.

Disturbing Auction Threat

But to-day the house-owners are faced with suddenly demanded increases in ground rents which have soared to a distressing and crippling height.

The only alternative is for leaseholders to purchase on terms that large numbers cannot afford.

A few weeks ago every one of the 1,500 house-owners received—from out of the blue—the following circular from Mr. H. F. Jackson, of the Estate Office, Pembroke, who is Sir Thomas Meyrick's resident agent:—

"Dear Sir or Madam,—Owing to the heavy outstanding charges on the Estate caused by Death Duties, Sir Thomas Meyrick has decided, most reluctantly, to sell a portion of the Estate in order to meet the same.

He is, however, anxious to give the lessees the opportunity of acquiring the Freehold interest in the property held by them under Lease, and also the tenants of farms, land, houses or other property occupied by them the first refusal of securing the same.

"If terms can be agreed, the sale can

be effected privately, but, failing this, the property will be put up for sale by public auction. The property which you hold may be included in the sale, and if you desire to buy will you please submit your offer to me in writing before the end of November next." (The italics are mine.)

Imagine the effect this circular had on hard-working shipwrights, labourers and stokers, who know little about the law of leaseholds and nothing about the right price to offer, if they could afford to make an offer at all.

Many grew panicky, fearing—in their ignorance, of course—that their homes would be sold, lock, stock and barrel over their heads, and, without waiting to consult someone experienced enough to deal calmly with the demands, wrote off to Mr. Jackson making the most idiotic and fantastic offers for the land.

It was, of course, the threat of a public sale by auction that frightened them most.

The Bush Estate circular did not even intimate what it thought was a fair offer. Even when Mr. Jackson was asked what was a reasonable offer he regretted that he could give no help on the point!

They wrote to "John Bull"

A public meeting was held in a Pembroke church and over a thousand anxious men and women, many of them elderly, crowded in. An ex-Mayor (Alderman W. J. Munro) took the chair, and he was supported by several local dignitaries and councillors, including a lay preacher, Councillor J. R. Williams.

A committee, with its own legal adviser was formed to watch the leaseholders' interests.

With commendable speed this committee got to work at once, and one of the steps it took was to "write to JOHN BULL about it." Could we send someone down to investigate the matter on the spot.

Off I went to Pembrokeshire to find that all the people concerned, and particularly those with only a year or two to run on their leases, were very distressed. Though—through the committee's work

—the possibility of an immediate public sale by auction has lessened, the question of large increases in ground rents was causing great anxiety.

"Shoals of Offers"

Some of the demands are beyond the means of the poorer leaseholders, especially the old-age pensioners who had a struggle to make ends meet as it was.

Here are a few examples:

(a) House where ground rent was £1 a year. Now to be £2.

(b) House where ground rent was 30s. a year. Now to be £16.

(c) House previously 22s. Now to be £12.

(d) House previously 30s. Now to be £17.

One of the many people I interviewed holds a house built in 1859. The ground rent was 22s. On expiration of lease in 1919 the Estate raised the ground rent to £12 per annum. Now £18 15s. is the assessment.

Well, what had Mr. Jackson to say to all this? He was very courteous, and explained that he was only carrying out his orders.

What was being done was "quite legal," although he admitted that the law relating to the granting or extension of leases on which houses had been built was certainly in need of Parliamentary intervention. He, himself, agreed the system was a pernicious one!

When I asked him about the threat of a sale of the land by public auction he evaded the question for a time. Then he said there wouldn't be one—at least for the present.

Later, in answer to further questions, he told me that a sale was never really contemplated. "I purposely put that in the circular to hurry things along as the estate must get money in soon," were his actual words.

It was this apparent threat which not only caused worry and panic among the leaseholders, but also brought Mr. Jackson "shoals of offers"—so many, he said, "that I don't know when I'm

HOW THE LAW STANDS

- Leasehold property is held for a certain number of years. The period may be long or short.

In many cases, land is let on a building lease for ninety-nine years at a ground rent of so much per annum.

During the term the person to whom the land is let (called the lessee) is entitled to sole use and occupation, subject to the performance by him of the covenants and conditions contained in the lease, and subject to payment of the ground rent.

At the expiration of the lease the original owner of the land becomes entitled to the possession of it, together with any buildings or fixtures.

He can demand that such property be handed over to him in good repair.

Alternatively, he can increase the ground rent without limit. The provisions of the Rent Restrictions Act do not apply to ground rents.

Mr. Moelwyn Hughes, a distinguished lawyer and Member of Parliament, says that the only solution is by legislation. However, he sees no prospect of effective action during the lifetime of the present Government.



Frank publicity may prompt Major Sir Thomas Meyrick, of Pembroke, Wales, to reduce certain ground rents

going to get the time to get down to dealing with them."

I trust that the leaseholders who made extravagant offers to purchase have been advised to withdraw before acceptance.

Major Lloyd George is Busy

During my investigations I compared the high ground rents Sir Thomas Meyrick's Bush Estate charges with those in other parts of South Wales where properties of a similar character are concerned. They compare most unfavourably.

Major Lloyd George—whose illustrious father worked for years to bring about a much-needed reform in leasehold enfranchisement—is the Pembroke County M.P. In his official position as Minister of Fuel and Power he is a very busy man.

It is understandable that when he was recently approached by the Pembroke Leaseholders' Association to speak at one of their protest meetings, he expressed every sympathy but regretted that he was unable to do so, as his time was so much occupied with the war.

JOHN BULL has now appealed personally to him to get a deputy to look fully into the Pembroke affair on his behalf.

Need for Prompt Action

In the meantime, I hope that this frank publicity will prompt Sir Thomas Meyrick to consider the interests of these 1,500 families by reducing some of his ground rents.

I hope, too, that he will instruct his agent, Mr. Jackson, not to talk about threatened public auction sales in a way that scares people into precipitant action they otherwise would not have taken.

The matter is all the more pressing because, though the temporary reopening of Pembroke Dock for war purposes has brought some prosperity to the district, the town might well become a distressed area again if the dockyard is closed down after the war.

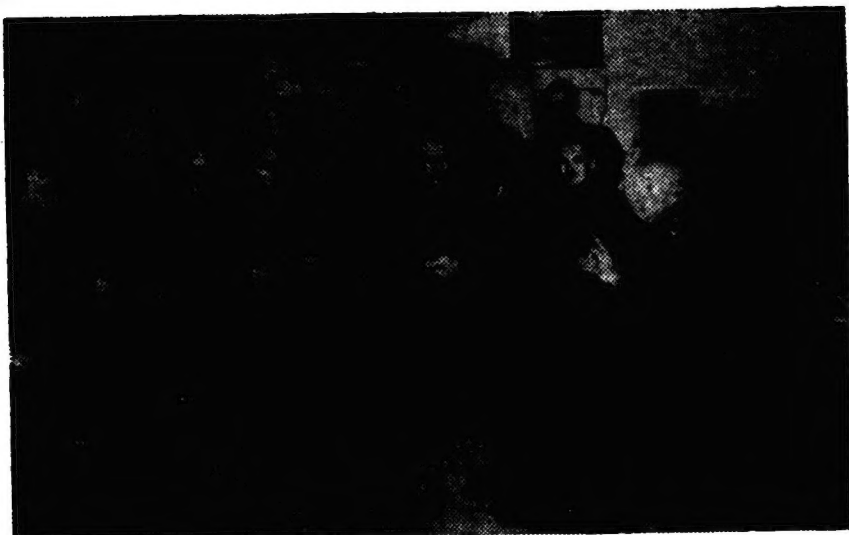
Leaseholders will then find the conditions now being imposed upon them even more crushing and intolerable.

That is why I hope something can be done to ease this distressing state of affairs as quickly as possible.

Let's Keep the Right to Argue

Community Centres aren't just a vague phrase but a practical plan for friendly living. They're a grand idea for after-the-war

by JOHN CASHEL



These officer-teachers are being lectured on the use of the microphone at an Army Education School in Southern England. Service men and women have learned to listen and talk. They do not want to give up the group discussions they enjoy when they come back to civilian life

WHAT IS THE CHIEF THING the hundreds of thousands of Service men and women want to see kept on when they return to civilian life?

Almost all I have questioned put group discussions first. The phrase sounds as dull as ditch-water, but to those in uniform it means a great deal.

It stands for communal camaraderie, free and frank non-Party, non-sectarian argument. And, for many, the first glimpse of the adventurous life of books and learning. Service men and women from private to commanding officer have been used to gathering at unit "parties" where interests are broadened, knowledge is shared and thinking powers sharpened under leaders specially trained for the purpose.

White Papers Take Notice

I have attended some of these meetings and have seen the enthusiasm. "All together to get at the truth and understand one another's points of view" is the watchword. No wonder the questions are being asked, "Will something like this go on for us as civilians after the war? Will our town or village provide as a Welcome Home gift a Community Centre where we can keep up our meetings?"

To find the answers has meant a wide survey. Five Ministries (excluding the Service ones) are concerned. Community Centres, like Youth Centres, have the Government's blessing. Mention of them is now appearing in White Papers and Ministers' speeches.

Counties Plan Ahead

Definite provision for Community Centres on new housing estates is made in the latest Housing Manual jointly prepared by the Ministries of Health and Works for the guidance of local authorities. In "Design of Dwellings" issued by the Ministry of Works it is urged:

"Ideally a neighbourhood of ten thousand people should contain a Community Centre and a Youth Centre. It may not always be possible to provide separate buildings for them and

accommodation may perhaps be provided ancillary to school buildings; a main hall and gymnasium being common to the school, the community centre and the youth centre."

But building new estates will take time. What will the demobilised actually come back to? Well, far-sighted local authorities are pointing the way. Kent has already secured several discussion room blocks in camps for use as Community Centres after the war. Shropshire has done the same. Essex has acquired sites.

Ministers are Interested

If you're in uniform, you can help yourself by writing to your county and borough councils telling them you want these centres. At a higher level you can press home your views on Lord Woolton (Reconstruction), Mr. Willink (Health), Mr. Sandys (Works), Mr. W. S. Morrison (Town and Country Planning), and Mr. Butler (Education). They're all interested.

The Army, Navy and Air Force authorities, of course, are concerned mainly with arrangements for personnel up to the time they leave the Services. The War Office, in a summary of its scheme for six to eight hours' compulsory education each week, points out, however, that it's designed, above all, as something which will initiate a process to be carried further on leaving the Army.

The ideal answer to "Where can they do it?" is the Community Centre, as by far the most of them will have no need to go to vocational training centres or take up university courses.

Many will want to mention only one item of their Service interests—to carry further such familiar British Way and Purpose Group discussions as those on The Responsible Citizen, The Citizen at Work, the Home and the Citizen, The Health of the Citizen, and What More is Needed of the Citizen?

To keep up the good work, Community Centres, run or paid for by the municipality, are needed. They should range from a many-sided social meeting-place with discussion, information and reading-rooms, dance floor, gymnasium, and canteen in the big towns; to a minimum two-roomed

building in the villages with one room as a canteen.

Ideally conducted, the Centres should equally attract all classes and ages—the boss and his employee, the squire and his labourer, Mother and Father, and the young who want to spend an evening away from their Youth Centre.

Not to Make Profits

Mr. H. C. Dent, education authority and Community Centre pioneer, gave me as his view that the ideal is for a local authority to provide the building and grant-aid a management committee of private citizens who want to run a centre, telling them: "That's your show. Now you carry on."

Whether the canteen is "wet" or "dry" can be left to local option. If "wet" the success of the venture will depend on careful supervision. A pioneer centre at Slough, with an efficient warden, has throughout served alcohol without complaint.

Grant-aided and not run for profit, the centre should be self-supporting with voluntary contributions and a small charge to users.

Meanwhile, the Air Ministry is doing some of the groundwork by making a special point of citizenship training. Its two chief planners, Air Commodore Allan Perry-Keene and his deputy Group Captain Norman Wood, say that almost all instructors will be selected from within the Service, as they know the men's problems.

Schools are being set up for "teaching the teachers," whose instruction will include a definite line on citizenship training. They will be ready at the appointed time to pass on their knowledge largely through group discussion.

Perry-Keene and Wood understand the problems of the men they're going to help. "Most airmen (they say) have been accustomed throughout their service to have everything laid on for them. The State has done nearly everything. That may not continue after the war."

"Numbers came to us straight from school. They have had tremendous experiences. They are now up to five years older—five years in knowledge of life. Some who have acquired wives and families have never known what it is to support them by earning a living in a civil job."

Grounding Air Minds

"Air crews are a particular problem. Most—volunteers for flying duties every one of them—are well, or fairly well, educated. Some enjoy comparatively high rank and pay at an early age. A number are group captains at twenty-three to twenty-five."

"Air crew tends to live unto air crew, in a world of their own. Many have one-track minds, or they wouldn't be as first class as they are."

"Just as we got them air-minded, so we shall have to get them back to earth. That is why, to help them take their place in a civilian community, we are making a definite point in our plans of training for citizenship."

Training for citizenship. That's the aim, and group discussion in a properly run Community Centre is the way to achieve it.

Résistance
LA VOIX DE PARIS

Liberation

These are some of the names of famous French newspapers.

EUROPE

They fought lies with truth, these

THIS IS THE STORY of journalists who made history instead of merely recording it.

To-day newsboys on the street corners of liberated Paris are shouting the names of the new free French papers: *Franc-Tireur! Résistance! Libération!* Their very names symbolise life during the last four years.

These papers have replaced the old corrupt Press and the organs of collaboration. To bring them into being, to maintain them in spite of the Gestapo, has been the work of courageous editors, journalists and printers. For their papers they have fought and dared, bled and died.

Papers Sold Despite Germans

It was in the big, modern building of the afternoon newspaper *Paris Soir*, where one of the most shameful episodes of French Fifth Column work took place in 1940.

The story tells how, when the *Wehrmacht* reached the gates of Paris, a lift operator in the building discarded his uniform and occupied the manager's office. He was a Nazi. He had been working as lift-man to be ready to take over the direction of the paper when the moment arrived.

In the following four years, French collaborationists worked in the palatial offices of the *Paris Soir*. They wrote what they were ordered to write by their Nazi bosses.

Meanwhile, legitimate journalists hid in cellars, stole newsprint, and risked their lives to produce underground papers.

As the Allied Armies approached Paris, these underground editors were ready. Under the noses of the Gestapo they had worked out a plan to resume their rightful places.

Assembled in a small café just off the big boulevards, underground editors and printers waited for the signal. When it came they stormed the *Paris Soir* building, revolvers in hand. They drove out the quislings and established themselves in the offices.

Paris was not free yet. There was fighting in the streets. But the Patriotic journalists were already at work, and while German soldiers still marched through the city, brave newsboys sold the first free newspapers.

Many paid with their lives, but others appeared in their places. The French newspapermen had won their battle.

Le Quotidien de Paris

Franc-Tireur, libre

A L'AVANT-GARDE DE LA LIBERTÉ

POPULAIRE L'aube

ORGANE CENTRAL DU PARTI SOCIALISTE & F. I. O.

EDITION - ADMINISTRATION - PRESIDENTS DE LA REPUBLIQUE

newspapers which have returned to their place in the sun on Parisian news-stands—

REGAINS ITS VOICE

Press of the underground Press. Their daring feats make a romantic story

by WILLI FRISCHAUER

fore a single Allied soldier had entered Paris.

The speed with which the new papers appeared was due to careful planning. The resources of the various offices and printing plants were assessed and apportioned in advance so that there was no muddle.

The *Paris Soir* building was occupied by the staffs of *Liberation*, *Le Front National* and a weekly paper. The offices of the old *Intransigent* were used to accommodate *Franc-Tireur*, *Combat* and *Defense de la France*.

Some papers had refused to collaborate and had closed down rather than allow the Nazis to use their titles and reputation. These appeared on the streets. Others, like the *Socialist Populaire* and the Communist *Humanité* had been firmly suppressed by the Germans. Soon they moved back into their old headquarters.

A glance through the new French Press proves that four years of oppression and underground existence has, if anything, strengthened its voice.

In the editorial chairs now sit men who have combined writing ability with personal courage. Their strong convictions alone enabled them to survive. They are not squeamish in the choice of words now.

Franc-Tireur asks ironically: "What has happened to Hitler?" Reading the paragraphs, one can sense the satisfaction of the editor. He cannot forget the picture of Hitler dancing with joy against the background of the Eiffel Tower four years ago.

"Americans Attacking Metz," says a big headline in *Liberation*. It is a shout of joy.

London Sent Money to Help

One after another of the scandals of the occupation years is revealed by reporters who have risked their lives in obtaining evidence about their German oppressors and the French quislings who aided them.

Armed with nothing but their faith in eventual liberation, they set out to investigate what they knew could not be published while the *Gestapo* was still in power.

Yet, like reporters of ancient film dramas, they trailed their victims, listed the crimes of the collaborators, risked concentration camp or death in the service of truth.

To-day the revelations of these underground journalists are like rays penetrating the sinister night of many years

of occupation. They fill in the missing pages in the history which records Nazi crimes.

What is true of France applies equally to Belgium. There the struggle of underground journalists was not less grim and dangerous.

These men will tell you how they had to buy paper for their underground editions in the Black Market because the Germans controlled all known stocks. And how this was possible only with the financial aid which reached them from London.

It was this aid and their own organising ability which eventually even enabled them to create a central news-agency on which the dissemination of news in liberated Belgium to-day is largely based.

They recall how much of the type which they used was actually set up in German-controlled printing works by friendly compositors. It was then taken to small hand-presses on which the Patriot editions were produced.

Slovak Press Led Rising

The part which journalists played in the struggle for liberation is perhaps best demonstrated in the story told to me by the leader of the recent Slovak rising against the Germans.

He and his friends, he said, knew that success of their revolt was only possible if the support of the population was assured. To obtain this they must produce a newspaper so that the people could be kept informed.

Simultaneously with plans for military action, other plans were made to set up an organisation for the production of a free newspaper to coincide with the outbreak of the rising.

When the rebels struck against the Slovak quislings, newsboys appeared in the streets of Banska Bistrica, the centre of revolt. They were carrying the first free Slovak newspaper to be published since the German invasion of Czechoslovakia.

I have seen a copy of this paper *Narodnie Noviny*. Born in the heat of battle, it proclaimed a free Slovakia within German-occupied territory. Its editors soon exchanged the pen for the gun and fought for their right to print free news.

Similar events are taking place in many parts of the Continent. Europe has produced a new generation of journalists.

The men who write the news in Europe to-day have proved that journalists can use both pens and guns in the cause of freedom.

Hannen Swaffer Talks ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS

FASCISM IS AGAIN raising its head—yes, and in a Britain that has already spent £24,000,000,000 on a war in fighting it!

When, before the war, innocent questioners were beaten up at meetings organised by the British Union of Fascists, high-up sympathisers, defending the brutalities, demanded for the thugs the rights of Free Speech!

Mosleyism Back!

NOW, A HYDE PARK MEETING of a body of which Victor Burgess, an ex-18B detainee and former member of the Mosley outfit, is "Director of Propaganda," London policemen under the control of the Home Secretary interrupted only once!

That, according to the *Daily Express*, was when "a simple admonishing finger" was pointed by a Bobby to "a heckler who afterwards lowered his voice so that the speaker could be heard."

Yet a former Home Secretary—John Simon—allowed, despite the warning protest of London mayors, a Fascist march through the East End, one that resulted in bloodshed. The brave Cockneys ended what the Home Office failed to do—the intimidation of peaceful citizens.

Words to Morrison

BEFORE THE WAR policemen did not protect assaults on heckling anti-Fascists by B.U.F. thugs. Now they protect Fascism from an indignant questioner!

Very urgently I remind Herbert Morrison of the need for strangling, at its rebirth here, an infant that, but for vigilant citizens, would have become a monster like the one that crushed Europe down into a bog of blood and tears.

I know the Home Secretary's troubles grow. I chiefly blame his underlings. But, unless he officially sides wholeheartedly with Liberty, those troubles will become worse.

"Resistance" Resists

SIMILAR SCANDALS are responsible for Sincipient political strife that is blamed on "Communists," both in Belgium and France.

There, men who were the backbone of Resistance refused to give up their arms, largely because they saw Fascist "collaborators" climbing back into power in Government and municipal offices. This, they knew, would strengthen opposition to those wholesale reforms that are the only possible salvation of Europe.

While "collaborators" fawned on Nazidom, they themselves risked their lives.

I know that order must be established—but not at the price of patriotism that was the soul of the oppressed lands.

I also know that, without food from Britain and America, the Continent will starve. But, remembering that it was at the request of our people, however right we may have been, that the resisters laid down their arms, I fear that unless we are careful food may be used as a means of repressing legitimate grievances.

Half-starved Europe

CAN U.N.R.R.A., the international relief organisation, really solve the problem of starving Europe? Public opinion forced on the Governments of



AS SEEN BY GEORGE WHITELAW

the United Nations the use of more ships so that supplies could reach Greeks who wanted, not a king whom certain elements in Whitehall seek to force on them, but something to eat.

Yugoslavia, whose anti-monarchists have nearly freed their country, needs much more help.

And only the most brilliant of organisation can save from starvation the millions of Belgians and Dutch whose ports have been destroyed by a Nazidom once so loudly lauded by some of our Best People

An Appeal to Winston

LONDON'S WOMEN JOURNALISTS have sent, not only to the Secretary for War and the Minister of Information, but even to Churchill himself, a strongly worded protest against the fact that, while the Americans allow British female war correspondents to go almost up to their front lines, our own Officialdom still puts obstacles in their way.

"You can go to Paris for a week," I am told, is about the limit of the facilities extended to our women reporters by the British.

Yet a colleague of mine, Iris Carpenter, got nearly into Metz during the encirclement by "Blood and Guts" Patton's army. She would have been kept many miles away from Monty's men, or Dempsey's.

The Ministry of Information had a staff of 3,000 and millions to spend on propaganda. But—after five years of war—it is still easier for our journalists to write up the Americans!

An Election Romance

AFTER UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS to be elected, as an Independent, for Wavertree and then Ross and Cromarty, young Randolph Churchill spoke continuously, in Norwood in support of another Independent and against young Duncan Sandys, the official Tory.

He did so in spite of his father's counsel. "You have done well twice," he said. "Keep quiet now."

But Randolph, intolerant of parental advice—"He won't do what I tell him," Winston used to say—went to Norwood and took his sister, Diana.

She there met, for the first time, the young unknown Tory her brother was trying to keep out of Parliament. So Sandys won both a seat and a bride.

Now, the Premier's son-in-law, he has become Minister of Works. Houses are to be built on Sandys.

tip the first day I'm on board. You the price o' that glass?"

Outside raged at to knock thoughts out of your head. Big as Old Stan opened the smoke poured down the chimney lights in the lamps began again.

is me best way?" Old Stan

straight on," the landlord bel- under the railway arch."

," said Old Stan, and went

nearly knocked him over. He back in the wrong direction or two, pulled himself round fort, ducked his head and set

the railway arch stood Perce, had the wind up. He'd known at this took the biscuit. It rain. And it wasn't so much It was what the wind was

LONG there was a noise ahead nebody tearing a book a mile en ... crash!

es at the bend were coming by one. Perce, not half a mile e, reckoned it wasn't safe to go ot with this on. Rotten old e trees at the bend. They'd own if this kept on, and it was

ghty, nasty place, the railway Perce wasn't taking any-

cond the storm took its breath, hat second came a footstep. ning, could just make out a figure in the gloom. It came it was Old Stan, though Perce know, never having heard of

the storm started again. Crack! yards ahead. Old Stan, not went on. Perce, knowing, ee a fellow-man killed by a fall- His arm shot out and grabbed

"he shouted above the wind. ed just that. Old Stan jumped of his skin and his temper flew

twice!" he said. "Not twice t like this!"

ed out. Perce, thinking he'd a madman, lashed out as well. ed out together. With the ing round them in the dark- fell over.

Perce stopped lashing out. "!" said Old Stan, touching ill head.

up and ran, side by side with and as fast. Past the danger- into the high road, slap into of a policeman.

liceman took him back.

asn't dead. So they reduced non assault. But it was a nasty Stan got three years.

at wouldn't 'ave 'appened to told himself, "if I could 'ave e old tub first.

HE BRIDGE, the skipper and the of the Old Father Thames were jaw.

er how Old Stan likes prison," mate.

said the skipper. "Funny case." er funny thing," said the mate. if you've noticed it, but since left us we've always got away and no trouble. Never broke ever run on a sandbank. Every-

K. I'm not what you'd call a ous chap, but you can't help these things. Reckon Old Stan t of a Jonah or something."

said the skipper.

can't deny it," said the mate, id Stan left us, the tub's been ship."

These books make news

"THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN"

Neither birth nor money is a passport to the aristocracy of the intellect. This is the story of a poor worker who planned to make learning free to all

by VINCENT BROME

COURAGE, STRENGTH, inherent ability, a hunger for beauty, a divine discontent—those are not qualities confined to genius. The common man, the humble worker, has them. One thing he lacks too often. Some-

one to believe in him. Albert Mansbridge saw that vital need and added the spark of inspiration to a thousand lives. Albert Mansbridge had a dream many years ago. He dreamt of the working people of Britain—his own folk—with a chance to educate themselves. He saw that, if they could only break from drudgery and disillusion, a new world would open up before them.

Progress in Whitechapel

It was a brave dream for a lad of fourteen who was just another office-boy in the great City of London.

Every morning Albert left home at 7.45 and did not get back until 7.15 p.m. Every day he walked five miles from Battersea to the office. It was during those walks that the dream began.

It was a dream that belonged as much to the sprawling City about him as to the men and women who made their daily journeys down the streets.

Albert Mansbridge, office boy, decided that he would explore this private realm of his own, mine its riches, find its true temper. And so, one evening, he started classes and began to learn Latin, Greek, chemistry and political economy.

That helped him over the first fence. From office boy he progressed to copy boy. This time he worked for the Inland Revenue. But his dream developed out of all proportion to his own progress.

Then he became a boy clerk in what was later to be known as the Board of Education. Before he was twenty-one Mansbridge left Whitehall and the Civil Service and became a clerk in the Co-operative Wholesale Society in Whitechapel.

Now, reality began to enter into Mansbridge's dream. He continued to plough his lonely furrow of learning, until he became a teacher himself. Very soon his classes made a deep impression in London. They were different, more alive. He saw now, very clearly, how his dream might come true at last.

Worker who was a Poet

If he could fuse the ideal of the Trade Union and Co-operative movements with progressive education for adults, the way would be open. There came an invitation to speak at the University Extension summer meeting at Oxford. Everything was moving in the right direction. He chose for his subject the Education of the Citizen. It sent a stir through the placid waters of British learning.

And so the biggest revolution in the educational history of Britain began one morning—and the world hardly noticed. The Workers' Educational Association was founded. Albert Mansbridge became its first unpaid secretary, appointed by his wife Frances Mansbridge, its first member.

To-day Mansbridge's hair has whitened, the lines on his face have deepened, but he is still tall, broad shouldered, with piercing blue eyes. "He is the most dangerous man in England. He taught the working people to think for themselves," said one of his most generous helpers.

In "The Kingdom of the Mind," by Albert Mansbridge, just published by



Albert Mansbridge founded the Workers' Educational Association

J. M. Dent, this story is told for the first time. The outside world has heard something of the W.E.A., but its founder remained a mystery. Now, the personality of Albert Mansbridge comes into the open.

His book will leave you with a glow. It is a book which shows the nobility of mind and selfless purpose of a man who will go down as a great Englishman. And in it is another story of triumph, the story of Alfred Williams, workman-scholar. The son of a village carpenter at South Marston, Wiltshire, Williams was spending half-time at school and half at work when he was nine years' old. At eleven he became a furnace boy on the railway at Swindon.

He never had a Teacher

For the next twenty years he worked twelve hours a day. This is his own record of those days. "I get up at about 5 a.m. Before leaving for work I do some study in the form of reading, then I cycle into Swindon, where I have to start at 6 a.m. During my meals I work at French and Latin, and at night devote a little time to Greek. I leave work at 5.30 p.m. and, after doing necessary shopping, cycle home and settle down to literary work until bed-time."

Williams never had a teacher. He sat alone in his room night after night and taught himself. Out of between £1 and £2 a week, he kept a wife and home. When the rent became difficult they set to work and built their own house with their own hands!

And all this time, Williams was putting his new powers to remarkable purpose. He had mastered Greek and French. Now he wrote poetry and published no less than a dozen books.

But still he had an income of less than £2 a week. Because this amazing labourer, whose eyes alone were the clue to the mind behind them, refused point-blank to write for money and never made anything from his books.

He wrote for love of writing, he wrote the truth as he saw it. He scorned publicity, and material success in the outside world meant nothing to him. And so in 1930 he died in extreme poverty.

This Wiltshire poet had belief in himself and in his own right standards. But for him, the struggle to enter the Kingdom of the Mind was bitter. For others, it has been, and will be, easier. Because a City boy once had a dream.

Your Good Health

Surface Trouble

by Dr. GREVILLE PARK

MOST PEOPLE FEEL rather disgusted at the idea of skin diseases. This is partly because what the eye can see the heart certainly grieves over. Often it is because they feel there is something dirty about.

But even the best and cleanest people can get rashes. As it is difficult for the untrained eye to tell one from another, it is always safer to ask a doctor.

Some rashes itch. Among these is scabies, which keeps people awake scratching at night. Scabies is catching. It is due to a tiny insect which burrows into the skin and lays its eggs there. If you look at the tiny spots with a lens you can see the burrows, about a quarter of an inch long.

The complaint is easily cured by having a good scrub and rubbing in sulphur or benzyl benzoate. It is safer to treat everyone in the house at the same time.

Nettlerash itches, too. In this the spots are bigger—wheals, like you get from a stinging-nettle. It is usually due to something you have eaten.

It can be soothed by calamine or magnesia, or a bicarbonate bath—and it often disappears quickly.

Eczema starts as a lot of pimples which quickly run together and weep. The more you scratch, the more it spreads. It is apt to take a long time to cure and to be very exhausting. It is not catching.

IMPETIGO STARTS AS blisters. These soon crust. It spreads very rapidly, and is very infectious. Doctors use the M. and B. drugs and these cure it in a few days.

Ringworm of the head only affects children. The hairs fall out and there is a round sore patch. It generally needs X-ray treatment.

Body ringworm is very common at all ages. It looks rather like a "fairy ring" on the lawn and never affects the scalp. It is often caught from animals. Weak iodine or various mercury preparations are used to cure it.

Home treatment of rashes usually fails. It is best to see your doctor before they spread.



"Here comes that awful fellow Tompkins—pretend you don't see him"

Free Speech

WHY NOT STATE BOARDING SCHOOLS?

This page is for your opinions. Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform

THERE IS MUCH VIRTUE in the present public school. There is also much to be gained by day-school education, linked with home influences. Why not combine the two in our new programme?

Let each education authority establish a boarding-school outside its own boundaries. Free education would be provided and a nominal charge made for boarding children of all classes from Monday to Saturday, and providing transport to and from the school. The school would, of course, have ample accommodation and be staffed by trained, progressive teachers.

Such an establishment would soon become a centre of culture willingly supported by a strong Parents' Association. The class bias of our present public schools would be eliminated. Parental influences would be given scope while the natural desire of a child to seek company of his own age would not be thwarted.—C. L., Lower Ince, Wigan, Lancs.

"Shake them Up"

YOUR OPEN LETTER to Sir Trustram Eve was timely. We want yet another shake-up over war damage repairs. I have ten houses in Battersea which have been considerably damaged. Practically nothing has been done for the tenants. A month ago I met my builder, agreed the damage, and asked him to apply for a licence to repair as he had the necessary workmen to do the job without loss of time. The licence was refused as the Council's contractors have the order to do all that can be allowed at present—which would appear to be very little. In my judgment, the £10 limit is largely the cause of delay in war damage repairs.—W. Johns, Trafalgar Road, Clacton-on-Sea.

Letting Us Down

MANY THANKS, W. J. Brown, for your enlightening article on free-lance M.P.s. Members who vote one way just because their Party wishes it are letting down the people who elected them. M.P.s should all satisfy themselves that they are acting for the good of their country and not merely for the good of their Party. Peel, one of our greatest statesmen, was a bad Party man because he put his country first.—A. Jeffreys, St. James' Terrace, Percy Main, North Shields.

BEFORE ANYONE can be chosen as a political candidate for a constituency, he should have been a resident in that district for at least three years. This would stop seat-snatching by persons uninterested in the locality and the people they represent. It would also help to stop political parties foisting nonentities on the electors at places regarded as "safe seats." At least, with a local man standing, voters would have some idea of his qualifications and talents.—Wm. Wallace, Wembley Park, Middlesex.

Marriage Cheat

SOME YEARS AGO, under promise of marriage, I went to live with a man. He kept putting off the marriage, and it was not until about a year had gone by that I discovered he was already married. However, I forgave him. I went on believing for some years that the only thing preventing our marriage was his difficulty in getting a divorce. We continued living together and had children.

Now he has deserted me and the children. I also hear that, since leaving me, he has "married" two other girls.

No doubt he will trap others in the same way.

It is time a law was passed by which the words "Married" or "Single" should be added to all identity cards. Should the marriage status alter through divorce or death, this also should be entered. It should then be compulsory for the identity cards of both parties to be shown to the clergyman or registrar before marriage.—Deserted, St. Albans, Herts.

First-class Travel

YOUR CORRESPONDENT of the Merchant Navy, who, although wounded, could not get a seat in a train, will be interested to know that he is entitled to claim a seat in a first-class compartment if all the third-class are full and room is available in the first-class. The Ministry of War Transport has laid this down.—William H. Bridge, Passenger Guard, Accrington, Lancs.

Petrol Costs Lives?

I AM A DISPATCH rider in the Messenger Corps. The other week-end I was instructed to go with a car and a mobile canteen to a bombing incident thirty miles away. When we got there, we were told we were not needed. Six gallons of petrol were thus wasted.—C. G., Messenger Corps, Essex.

Security: Two Views

YOUR DUNDEE READER who is against social security plans is, no doubt, well provided for and has no thought for those who are not so fortunate. Does he know that the nightmare of most ordinary workers is the thought of what is going to happen to them when they are too old to work? I believe the Government is solving this question to a large extent in bringing in the National Security Bill.—Tenshillings-a-week Pensioner, Birmingham.

I FULLY AGREE with your Dundee reader that before a Social Insurance scheme is passed through Parliament, the various industries should be able to express their views. Most bank, post-office, railway, police and Civil Service workers have their own superannuation funds and a retirement age lower than sixty-five. Further, the millions of

fighting men should be given consideration.

I don't want the scheme pushed down my throat. Many, like myself, have worked hard to reach a higher level and have felt secure for old age. Let those who want this new scheme, have it. But don't force it on us, Hitler fashion.—H. Riley, Dore, Sheffield.

Our Good Health

WE ARE TOLD that the health of the nation is better now than in peace time. Does this mean that the rations are an adequate standard to maintain better health? If so, what an indictment of our pre-war standard of living.

The reason for the better health should be obvious—more work, more money, and, despite the paucity of the rations, more food. It is up to us to see that it does not need another war further to improve the health of the nation.—Mrs. E. L. Jones, St. Leonard's, Ringwood, Hampshire.

War Prisoners' Reading

LET A PRISONER OF WAR speak the thoughts of thousands in a similar plight. Literature is our main recreation. We are grateful for nearly anything that's printed. But is it a fact that the modern writer is either perverted in outlook or just stupid? Book parcels sent to us are a collection of the cheapest form of trash imaginable. Do relatives know what we are getting?—DON CRAIG, 3709, Stalag 18A, Germany.

Farmer's Stolen Wheels

LAST MAY I HAD the pneumatic-tyred wheels stolen from my farm tractor. The County War Agricultural Committee sent a man to check my story and, after three weeks, I got a permit to buy new wheels. By the end of September I had neither heard nor seen anything of my wheels.

I went to see the supplier. All he could say was: "See the Tyre Control people." Eventually they wrote to tell me that tyres were in short supply! I am still waiting, and still reading Government advertisements saying: "Don't let your tractor remain idle. Produce more food."—A. H. WHITE, Walcis Farm, Great Witchingham, Norfolk.



Isobel Brown, Communist, is to contest Lady Astor's seat at Plymouth. Readers' letters, published below, suggest that the battle will be a lively one

LADY ASTOR'S completion of twenty-five years in Parliament was noticed in the papers, but our Member was not given nearly enough credit. In this part of the world, we know of the good Lady Astor has done. The rest of the country seems to think she is only a butt for masculine wit. Don't they realise that Lady Astor knows how to get publicity for the ideals nearest her heart? Her opponent at the next election, Miss Isobel Brown, we are told will soon find that the Communists haven't got all the repartee.—Mrs. D. M., Plymouth, Devon.

SO MISS ISOBEL BROWN is going to oppose Lady Astor at Plymouth. Thank goodness for the possibility of sound sense as a change from feminist wisecracks.—John C., Guildford Street, W.C.1.

Bevin Boy's Plea

I AM A BEVIN BOY. I have been trying to get underground at the mine where I work, and have not yet succeeded. We can be summoned for refusing to work underground. Why can't the management be summoned for not allowing us to go below?—M. H., Somerset.

AS A BEVIN BOY at Walkden I have queued for a train to get home while the Services get priority. I can't go to the Forces canteen when travelling. I am eyed with disfavour because of my civilian clothes. Give Bevin Boys some sort of badge—we're as much entitled to one as merchant seamen.—M. DABY, Miners' Hostel, Sharp Street, Walkden, Manchester.

Fresh Air, Please

YOUR READER'S ADVICE on what to do in your spare time was sound. Manual workers should study and brain workers should do manual labour. I have been an office worker for thirty-five years, and have occupied my spare time by cycling and gardening. Now, when I'm nearly sixty—my retiring age as a Civil Servant—I have no fear of tackling any manual work so long as it's out of doors.—G. DUKES, Milford Avenue, Hollinwood, Oldham.

ONE GUINEA will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep your letters brief.

Your New Life

Meet the Perfect Coal Fire



HOW MANY HOUSEWIVES have dreamed of a coal fire which never goes out and a grate which doesn't have to be cleaned every day?

Dozens of patent grates have attempted to solve the problem in

the last hundred years. Now the perfect grate has arrived.

It is designed by a British scientist. Here are some of its startling achievements:

It burns its own smoke. It uses only half the fuel needed for other grates. It burns continuously day and night.

It can be used to circulate heat all over the house. It will burn almost any sort of fuel.

And it needs cleaning only once a week!

One of the secrets of these grates is a new adjustable draught system. The effect is revolutionary, but it is so designed that the new fire can be substituted quite easily for old-fashioned grates.

Plans are already complete for the new fire to be mass-produced for post-war fitting. H. H.

BRITAIN GETS READY FOR PEACE

The wheels of commerce are already beginning to turn and all over the world orders are being booked to lay the foundations of future prosperity in a wide variety of industries

by Harold A. Albert

A WEEK OR TWO AGO it was announced that the Board of Trade has already granted licences to 300 British firms to prepare samples of post-war goods and machinery, ranging from textiles to vacuum cleaners.

In one of the North's greatest steel foundries I recently watched a group of men at work on the castings for a huge turbo-generator. Its ultimate destination was Stalingrad.

The Russians have placed orders with us for millions of pounds' worth of electrical generating and distributing plant. Scorched earth areas will soon be revitalised with British equipment.

Thousands of Tea Services

In the Five Towns, I watched an army of women packing thousands of tea services to fill one of the largest United States orders ever cabled.

In a Midlands factory, its space three-quarters occupied with war work, I saw the assembly of a big shipment of typewriters for Ceylon. It began, the manager explained, as an inquiry with a snag. The average typewriter carries forty-two keys, but the Cingalese wanted the eighty letters of their alphabet besides special symbols.

Order Was Doubled

A machine was specially designed for the job and sent as a sample. It gave such satisfaction that the customer doubled his original order.

All this is a bright side to the storm over the Board of Trade's recent slowness in issuing export licences. It helps to offset the Board of Trade's gloomy report, after five years of security silence, that Britain's export trade had shrunk under war-time limitations to less than half its pre-war level and stood last year at only 2.8 per cent. of the national income.

Our big push for overseas post-war trade has, in fact, already begun. The war correspondents had no sooner moved out of North Africa than trade agents moved in. The head buyer of the Galeries, the biggest shop in Algiers, purchased everything from razor-blades to tropical worsteds.

Sicilians Ride Our Bicycles

One salesman landed an order for hundreds of rolls of linoleum, an amazing achievement in a region of tiled floors. Another trade scout found that lack of donkeys was putting Sicily's donkey-carts out of use. He promptly sold 500 bicycles.

This is small stuff compared with the sale of a complete cement works to Iraq, the first ever built there. There was also the shipment of three whole sugar factories to India. Modern biscuit-making plants have been despatched to Australia, Canada and South Africa.

Chile used to place most of her engineering orders with Germany. Now she has a biscuit-making plant turning out 8,000,000 biscuits a week, and every machine bears a British trade name.

The British firm that electrified the Brazil Central Railway has now carried out a £1,000,000 extension. A famous British firm brought electric light to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, and has pushed the power lines far beyond the secret city of the Lamas into the Asiatic Soviet hinterland.

Peace transition contracts, too, are pouring in faster than experts expected.

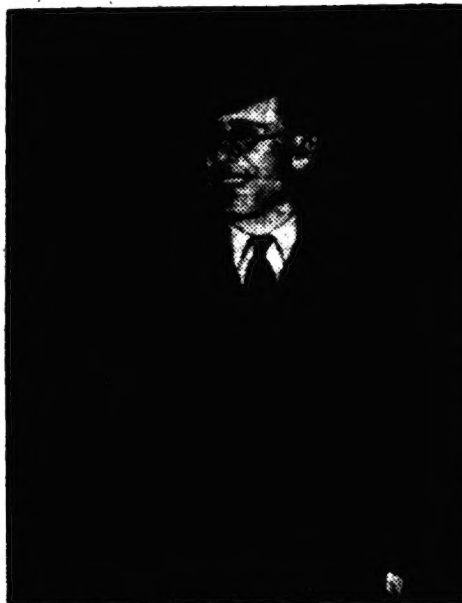


Among London's fashion designers to win first place on New York's Fifth Avenue during the war are Digby Morton and Victor Stiebel

A British firm has just landed one of the post-war engineering plums, the £2,000,000 remodelling of the Esna Barrage, which is to irrigate a greater tract of the Nile and so bring more food to Egypt.

Another home firm is quietly going ahead with the construction of a gigantic barrage west of Baghdad, a £1,000,000 job that will divert the flood waters of the Euphrates to help grow more round the site of the Garden of Eden.

That's how things are going, from Rio to Reykjavik. If you could drop into a New York store, you would find British china, carpets and glass out-selling all rivals. Before the war we were America's



best customer. Less known is the fact that America was our best customer—and still is!

Pop into a fashionable woman's shop on Fifth Avenue, and you will find not only Scottish tweeds, but British gowns by designers like Digby Morton, Peter Russell and Molyneux. The London tag now means something even in the shops that cater for small incomes.

British inventive genius was never better shown than in the new creaseless cottons and unshrinkable wools, self-sealing cotton cloths and burn-resistant fabrics.

The British kings of fashion, such as Norman Hartnell and Victor Stiebel,

have adapted these fabrics to low-priced styles and have swept the markets from Canada down to Buenos Aires and Lima in Peru.

It is all helping to build up to an estimated eventual total of £700,000,000 a year.

Japan Lost the Markets

German printing once dominated Europe. In Spain, Portugal and South America this year the Christmas cards are British, printed in Spanish. Japanese silk once dominated Australia and New Zealand. These countries are now buying their silk from Britain.

It is typical that a "queue" of 500 firms formed up as soon as a trade delegation offered a chance to advertise their wares—ranging from textiles to heavy machinery—in Russian trade journals. Significant, too, that business applications flooded the Passport Office as soon as the transit ban was lifted from Paris.

When the Wool Secretariat gave a recent showing of wool fashions designed for export, a New York man flew over, gave an order for thousands of pounds' worth of goods and then flew back to America again next day.

Agents are Busy

Less heard of was the Bradford business man who flew to Australia, arranged fashion showings in Melbourne and several other cities, and came back with orders.

In the British Council offices in London I picked up a South American magazine—and had quite a time spotting the advertising of British firms under their Spanish names.

We hear all too little of these British trading feats. All the time, Britain's overseas trade agents are quietly telling the world—and booking the orders.

He Hoards the Facts of War

The man who has the world's finest collection tells JOHN BULL about his treasures. He is preparing war weapons for peace.

by JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON

"WE ARE CLOSED for the duration, but we are still busy—preparing for peace," Harry Foster, the librarian of the Imperial War Museum, told me. "We are already getting plenty of new additions to our collection."

The War Museum, reputed to have the finest collection of its type in the world, is now housed in the Bethlem Royal Hospital, Southwark, London.

"At the moment," he continued, "material cannot easily be shipped to us. The War Office, Air Ministry and Admiralty, however, earmark suitable material for forwarding when convenient."

Museum Guns in Action

In the Middle East a great collection of war material, Allied and enemy, awaits the day when it can be taken to the War Museum. Some of this is being used for training by troops awaiting active duties.

It is not generally known that when we were faced with serious danger in this country the War Museum went to the assistance of the War Office and Admiralty. Some anti-aircraft guns,

loaned by the Museum to the Admiralty, were placed aboard a cruiser and did great service before the ship was sunk.

Britain is not the only country to have a War Museum. The United States is collecting material, and others are being developed in the Dominions.

"At the moment," Mr. Foster continued, "I am collecting as many newspapers and periodicals dealing with the war as I can. We have one of the best collections of this type in existence."

Newspapers have been received from the Eighth Army—they produce over forty—the Aleutian Islands, Abyssinia, Cyprus, the Faroes, Burma; in fact, from every point where British men and women are fighting.

I saw a copy of the First Sicilian Edition of the Eighth Army News. It was printed in English on one side and Italian on the other, so that it could be passed on to the Italians.

Home Guard units, banks, shelter marshals, sports clubs, business and other organisations which have developed a "war mag." have supplied copies.

"We possess one of the best libraries

on the last war," Mr. Foster told me. "We have about 50,000 books dealing with it. So far we have about 1,000 on the present war."

Funnily enough, even to-day books are still being written about the last war. Often writers, compiling records of the 1914-18 fighting, visit the museum to check facts and secure information.

The Museum has 5,000 official paintings of the last war, and millions of photographs.

They'll See Themselves

I have heard it said that any soldier visiting the War Museum is sure to find a picture of at least one sector of trench in which he served.

This time, with our photographic services so advanced, and many of the world's greatest artists engaged in portraying Britain's total war effort, Mr. Foster and his assistants can look forward to a busy time.

"We are looking forward to putting on a new show of weapons and pictures," Mr. Foster said. "We did in the early days of the war, and thousands of Servicemen and women visited us. When we reopen visitors will find a wonderful collection awaiting them."

"I SOMETIMES HAVE TO SPEAK at meetings or small gatherings. Although I am no stranger to speaking, I always get a sort of stage fright at the beginning. When I stand up, my tongue goes dry and my voice doesn't sound like mine at all. When I get going things are better, but it is this difficulty in starting that I need to conquer."

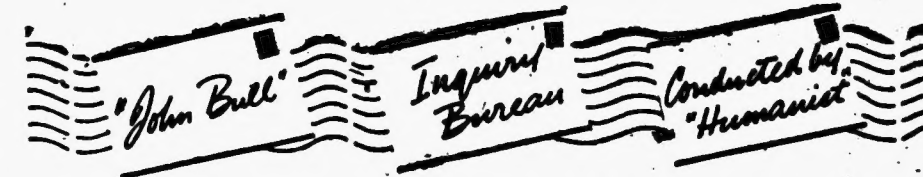
Many experienced speakers suffer from nervousness when they begin to address a crowd. In your case, you are probably over-conscious of a concentrated battery of eyes, and imagine that they are all looking at you critically.

The great thing is to divert attention from yourself to the subject. It can be done by opening with a sentence containing something startling or unexpected. Or you can begin with a bit of humour—an appropriate anecdote provided it isn't stale. This will put the audience in a good listening mood, and their attention will be on what you are saying, not on you. Prepare a good opening sentence and you'll forget your self-consciousness.

"WHEN THIS NEW Education Bill begins to operate, our children are to have secondary education. Does that mean that every boy and girl will have to learn Latin and French? If so, it seems a terrible waste of time and effort.

"And why is it that history books always seem to stop dead somewhere about the year 1900? Surely the last fifty years matter more than all the dead centuries?"

It is not true that every boy and girl will have to learn Latin and French. They will all have the chance to do so if they have the type of mind which would benefit by that sort of education.



HOW TO TACKLE THAT FIRST SENTENCE

The nervous speaker. Optional Latin and French. Avoid being swayed by clever speeches. These children should be their age

There will be three different kinds of secondary education under the new Act.

New history books are brought up to date, or, at least, to the outbreak of the present war. You must be thinking of the old-fashioned textbooks which are no longer in use in modern schools.

"SEVERAL WEEKS AGO I listened to a broadcast discussion between Quentin Hogg and Aneurin Bevan. At the end I could not make up my mind who was right.

"They can't both be right. But each man makes out a good case and sounds convincing. I meet the same problem when attending committee meetings. I find so much to agree with on both sides that I cannot make up my mind, and generally refrain from voting."

It is to your credit that you can appreciate both sides of an argument. But I should say that you are not a quick thinker and you appear to lack the general principles necessary for independent judgment. You need to thrash out a private philosophy, an attitude to life and its important questions.

It would be a sound idea to spend ten minutes every evening in reading some worth-while book and twenty minutes in "chewing over" the ideas in what you have read. Half an hour of this for

a period will give you the ability to assess the real worth of ideas soberly expressed.

"I AM A WIDOWER, aged fifty, and have two families. The children of the first marriage are grown up, but those of the second are young. They all live with me.

"The trouble is that the older children say I have no thought for them and that all my interest is in the younger ones. I have assured the older children that I make no difference between them, and have explained that, naturally, young children need to be cared for more than those who are grown up. But they apparently continue to harbour ill-feelings and our family life is being spoilt by the strain."

Young children need to be mothered and fathered, but when they grow up they need neither. You cannot treat a son of twenty like a lad of ten, and he ought not to want it. Surely the older members of your family don't want you to play games with them and give them Saturday pocket-money! You should tell them to grow up and be their age. They are quite unreasonable.

No Dentists' Fees

M. R., Woking: Each Approved Society is valued separately for National Health Insurance purposes. Only those having

a sufficient disposable surplus of funds can allow additional benefits, which include dental treatment. As your Approved Society is not in a position to allow dental benefit, no part of the cost of treatment can be recovered from National Health Insurance.

A. A. Horsham: As you are in business on your own account, you are assessable to income tax by reference to your profits. It does not matter how much you have drawn out—it is the full amount of the profit before you take anything for yourself that has to be assessed.

E. W., Gillingham: A pensioner in receipt of a total disability award who, as a result of his pensioned condition, requires the services of an attendant, may be given a constant attendance allowance. This is based on the amount of attendance required. The maximum rate is £1 per week and the minimum 5s per week. Application should be made to the nearest Chief Regional Officer of the Ministry of Pensions. His address can be obtained from the post office.

T. F., Wokingham: As your husband was a fully insured man, you are entitled to widow's pension. The fact that you have not reached the age of fifty-five has no bearing on the case.

L. K., Edinburgh, and others: The Secretary of State for India announced in the House of Commons recently that he was making inquiries into complaints that cigarettes and tobacco sent from Britain to men serving in India had not reached their destination.

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 93, Long Acre, London W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped, addressed envelope, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL War Sufferers Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London W.C.2.

100 Cheques Arriving Xmas Eve!

RESULT No. 1,452—FIRST PRIZE, £250

H. G. Warden, 3, Larkfield Road, Gourock, Renfrewshire.

TO GET MORE HOUSES
START "BEVIN BOY" BUILDERS!

- £20: Miss E. Grant, 132, Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.2.
Democratic People—Every Man A "Dictator."
£10: F. Baglin, 58, Wornington Road, N. Kensington, W.10.
Thinking About Christmas—"How's The Chest, Uncle?"
£5: J. S. Evans, 35A, Taff Street, Pontypridd, Glam.
Race For Supremacy—In Sky—On Sky.
£4: T. Howells, Stoneleigh, Cardiff Road, Dinas Powis, Glam.
Getting To Work—Quietly, Cartels—Despite "Din."
£3: H. Robinson, 279, Camden Road, London, N.7.
Explained The Silence—Of Hitler, Padded Room?
£2: G. Mitchell, 5, Britwell Crescent, Edinburgh.
Sound Finance—"Swelling" Savings, Saving "Inflation."

For winners of 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s. and 30s. see this week's "Bullets" Bulletin. A list of 100 winners of Xmas cakes can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards also posted.

ON Christmas Eve the postman will deliver to 100 John Bull readers a cheque won in *Bullets* this week.

Enjoy a few minutes with those winning *Bullets* in adjoining column. They show you a few of the many ways in which a few words of yours can be shaped into a *Bullet* for your coupon on this page. Be in time for those 100 cheques—post entry by Monday, December 11.

ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to Any "EXAMPLE"—Use Coupon Below

TO make up a good *Bullet*, simply add 2, 3 or 4 WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples*. See winners adjoining

GRATEFUL COUNTRY
YEAR AHEAD
WHEN THE WAR'S WON
AFTER CHRISTMAS
WAY WE DO IT
NAZI RATS
TRULY GREAT
FOR THOSE WHO FOLLOW
WISE MEN
FRIEND IN NEED
STILL REMEMBERED

BETTER TIMES
TO GET A HOUSE
HOUSEWIFE'S DREAM
AWE-INSPIRING
SPECTACLE
TREAT FOR THE LISTENER
HOPING AND HOPING
MAZE OF REGULATIONS
DEAD OR ALIVE
IN CAME THE BILL AND

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then build your "Bullet" on them.
PEACE WITH.....
IN TO-MORROW'S.....
WITH.....
DAY OF.....
A.....
TURNED OUT A.....
STORY

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

1. Big one can hold lot of mugs—CRA[E].
2. On the whole, life of one is pretty hard, its rewards meagre—CO[]TER.
3. Animals are in some cases specially this to provide food—B[]ED.
4. May be found with golden or even bronze sheen—TRE[S].
5. To-day, this of great many works of art can only be guessed—[]ATE.
6. One may buy in tin—BEA[].
7. Vital home problems deserve ample space in this of war news—SP[]TE.
8. Sense of humour generally improves a guest's—FOO[]ING.
9. Luggage carried by evacuee may make a little one—P[]LE.
10. You ought to get correct time from—[]AND.
11. Has sometimes been responsible for revolutionary movement—KIN[].
12. Heavy fall may well cause one to break down—WI[]E.
13. Not easy to pull up—[]ASH.
14. Father of very young kiddies often plays a few moments with—TO[S].

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of answers, including payment for December 10th set. Last day to post—Monday, December 11. Address: Xword 404, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CHEQUES & CAKES
WON IN X-WORD 404
WINNING WORDS:

1. GAGE or GALE
2. WARS
3. BOARD
4. STOCK
5. BOIL
6. BAG
7. DAISIES
8. BALL
9. FEAR
10. PORT
11. KNIVES
12. PET or WET
13. DARN
14. RUSH

TWO 500 SHARERS:
W. H. Odman, 68, Graving Dock St., Barry, Glam.
Sgt. L. F. Clark, Somewhere in Britain.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

RULES

1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best *Bullet* received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in *Bullets* shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. postage charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. and stamp value 6d. for two *Bullets*, or 1d. to cover four. Two free *Bullets* allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, care 18 Ch., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Dec. 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY

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TO VALUE OVER
£350

£200 £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 4d £2 20d 30d
20d 25d 50d 20d 1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamp entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" dated Dec. 20, IF PREPARED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE. P.O. Value.....

2 FREE BULLETS
For 6d. extra you may add further four *Bullets* on plain paper, thus obtaining 6 FREE

Signed.....
Address.....
No. "BULLETS" No. 1,456.
LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, DEC. 11.

MAXIMUM PRICES OF SOFT DRINKS

MINERALS (Unconcentrated Soft Drinks)		
All Varieties	Quantity	Retail Price
BOTTLES	Quart	4d.
	20 oz.	4d.
	Pint	4d.
	Half-pint	4d.
	8 oz.	4d.
SYPHONS	Large	10d.
	Small	6d.
SQUASHES & CONCENTRATES (Concentrated Soft Drinks)		
WITH FRUIT JUICE		
Lemon Squash	20 oz.	2d.
Orange Squash	20 oz.	2d.
Crushed Squash	20 oz.	2d.
Lemon Syrup	20 oz.	2d.
Lime Juice Cordial	20 oz.	2d.
Blackcurrant Cordial	20 oz.	2d.
Cherry Cordial	20 oz.	2d.
WITHOUT FRUIT JUICE		
Lemon Flavour Cordial	20 oz.	2d.
Lime Flavour Cordial	20 oz.	2d.
Orange Flavour Cordial	20 oz.	2d.
Blackcurrant Flavour Cordial	20 oz.	2d.
Cherry Flavour Cordial	20 oz.	2d.
Specialty Flavour Cordial	20 oz.	2d.
Peppermint Cordial	20 oz.	2d.

HERE is a list of the maximum retail prices you should pay for soft drinks bought for consumption off the premises. It should be clearly understood that bars, hotels, restaurants and shops are permitted to make extra service charges for drinks consumed on the premises.



The Soft Drinks Industry (War Prices) Act, 1943, 1944

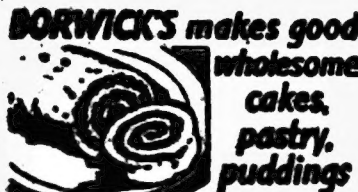
YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF

You needn't be dowdy even if you are economising. Thousands of housewives keep their homes and clothes bright and smart simply with Drummer Dyes. You too can get perfect results from home dyeing but make sure you use Drummer Dyes. Try it today—you owe it to yourself to smarten up the colours of which you are so tired.



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BORWICK'S makes good wholesome cakes, pastry, puddings

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

INTEREST

—the best training!

Any fellow with a box of tools is happy. A Modeler's Fretwork Set keeps his hands busy and his head alert—a Modeler's Fretwork Set is a hobby now to become a future character. Although in short supply, you may be able to get one of



HOBBIES

BRITISH FRETWORK OUTFITS

Branches and Agents in most towns. Enquiries by post to Hobbies Ltd., Durham, North.

From a doctor's diary



This is based on a doctor's experience of cases of V.D. It has been carefully edited so that the people concerned shall not be recognised.

“... Can you get it twice, doctor?”

Yes, I'm afraid you can get it twice—and more than twice. Venereal diseases are not like the ordinary infectious diseases—mumps, and whooping cough, and measles and so on. If you've had these once, you're usually safe. But that's not the case with V.D.

You can catch V.D. just as often as you take the risk. Just recently I saw a man who first came to me ten years ago. He told me he'd picked up a girl, taken too much to drink, and been intimate with her. When he came to my clinic a week later, he knew he'd got gonorrhoea—I didn't have to tell him. After months of treatment he was cured. Four years later, he came back again with the same sort of story. And again it took months to put right the result of one evening's indulgence. I thought he'd learned his lesson that time. But no. Ten days ago he came back again. I've started him off once more, this time on the new treatment for gonorrhoea.

I know he's an exceptional case. We shouldn't have much hope of checking the spread of V.D. if most people didn't have higher moral standards, more self-respect and more self-control than he's got. I only mention him to show that one attack of syphilis or gonorrhoea does not prevent a second attack, and that, leaving aside all questions of moral or ordinary decency, promiscuous sexual intercourse always carries a risk and cannot be made safe.

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. (The addresses are given on local posters.) Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education (V.D. 16)



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I SHALL CARRY MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

Cardiff, 23rd July, 1943. Dear Sirs, I wish to register my appreciation in respect of the qualities of your Stomach Powder.

Three weeks ago I had severe stomach pains. For ten days I suffered these pains and was not eating, the sight of it made me worse. About the 12th day I decided that it must be a question of a remedy, and I thought of Maclean's. Now I am eating a ration and a half, can run and jump, have reached my former self completely.

I can assure you wherever I go as a soldier I shall carry some Maclean's. Yours respectfully, (Signed) Sapper W.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder quickly relieves Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion. Price 2/3 and 5/7½ (Inc. Tax). Only genuine if signed. ALEX. C. MACLEAN.



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Not to be able to buy Silmos Lollies now. They will return again as one of the events of Peace.



With a SOUPLIX blade or a DOUBLE SH... you've shaved and spruce in a couple of ticks!

Millions of these famous blades go to the forces on all fronts. Small supplies are available for the public from time to time. Souplex Ltd., Morecambe, Lancashire.



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Only the finest
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"You ought
to put some
Dettol Ointment
on that"

Peggy took the good advice, and the sore place which seemed as though it would never clear up was soon healed and well. Mum said it was like a miracle the way a clean, new, healthy skin grew again.

Dettol Ointment not only soothes and calms the irritation and inflammation of painful sores, but sinks deeply into the unhealthy tissue, and carries with it the antiseptic property of 'Dettol' to destroy the germs which so often make skin complaints difficult and slow to heal.

In the treatment of skin complaints which require an antiseptic and soothing ointment, Dettol Ointment has been used with remarkable success.

From all Chemists

1/5, large size 3/4, including tax.

The Voice of Alasit Enthusiasts



Stop that Cold!

IN their initial stages Colds and Chills can usually be stopped overnight by taking one or two 'Alasit' Tablets at bedtime. 'Alasit' quickly clears the head, relieves the stuffy feverish sensation and aids the natural powers of resistance to combat the development of the infection.

'Alasit' Tablets are prepared from the purest aspirin combined with 'Alasit'—a recognized powerful stomach sedative and antacid. Because of their admirable composition 'Alasit' Tablets can be taken by everyone—even by those with delicate digestive systems.

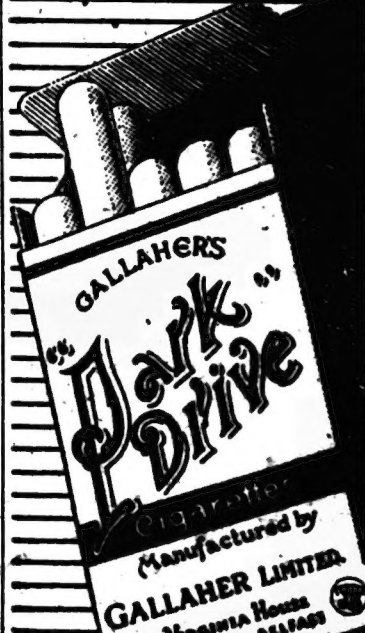
The special advantages of 'Alasit' Tablets for this purpose and for the general relief of pain are recognized by Medical and Dental Practitioners and Specialists by whom they are widely prescribed.

Take 'ALASIT' for Colds, Chills & Flu, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pain, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Periodic Pains, Digestive Troubles (due to acidity).

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In Bottles 1/5. Cartons 6d. 3s 3d.

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DRIVE**
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pleasure



Healthy dogs
make
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Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'One Bob Martin's once a day.'

In packets 9 for 7d.

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keep dogs fit



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**FRESH VITAL
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CLEAR skin, sparkling eyes, a lovely figure, are possible only when the blood is kept free from impurity and fat-forming residues are removed from the system. A nightly dose of Bile Beans ensures this.

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